# THE COMMONWEAL

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# MENTAL MONOPOLY: A PROTEST

THERE is no truce in the bitter struggle for the control of American schools. Mr. Mark O. Shriver, writing in this magazine during August of last year, announced that "a new federal education bill is drafted and ready for introduction"; and that the "company in which this bill is found is absolutely and stubbornly set on the eradication of the sacred rights of parents to control the training of their children." Now, exactly six months to the day after the appearance of this declaration, Senator Bayard of Delaware, speaking, as it happens, to the same Baltimore club which had introduced Mr. Shriver to the bill, finds it necessary to give warning that desperate and sinister efforts are being made to provide by federal law for a "secretary of education" whose mandate shall be final for the country at large.

The Senator professes to believe that there is a cleavage of opinion between East and West concerning the matter; but such incidents as the antagonism of Senator Borah to the proposed move, as well as the detailed report of the discussion before the congressional committee that heard the so-called Curtis-Reed bill, reveals the fact that the forces aligned for and against the measure are not determined by geographical location. The conflict is deep, general, and abiding. It is concerned with principles about which there must be liberty of opinion, because there can never be unanimity of opinion.

Let us resume the discussion to date. A variety of speakers opposing the federal educational dictatorship reinforced the statement of the Reverend John J. Burke, who, as executive-secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, voiced the conviction of a united hierarchy, that the bill "is an entirely unnecessary piece of legislation; that it is potentially extremely dangerous and wholly inadvisable. What the bill calls for is already being done by the federal Bureau of Education, and what may need to be done further can be done fully and efficiently by that same bureau with additional appropriations." This stand was endorsed by practically all shades of private-school opinion, ranging from the declaration of Dr. J. Gresham Machen, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, that "a federal department of education, working efficiently, would be the worst kind of slavery the world has ever known," to the flashing comment of a southern woman, Mrs. James G. Whiteley, that "the stars in the flag stand for states—not bureaus." The opposition was obviously well organized.

It is well that the new call to battle should find those who do not purpose to be rubber-stamped into a certain theory of education alert and prepared. For


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what is the meaning of this bill and of the several others which have preceded it? The answer is not to be found in specific practical benefits to educational practice which might be conferred by the federal government. Help of many sorts is daily being rendered by the bureau already established—help which no one attempts to minimize, but which, no matter how far extended under existing legal provisions, can never accomplish what the protagonists of the Curtis-Reed bill want to do. Squarely and uncompromisingly, the answer resides in what the superintendence of the National Educational Association has chosen to make its program of action. It is this association which has grappled to its soul the idea of the proposed educational secretariat; the meeting of which, in Washington, was simultaneous with the introduction of the new bill; and the officers of which conducted the argument in its behalf before the congressional committee. And what does the association want? In the words of its outgoing president, Dr. Randall J. Condon, of Cincinnati, Ohio, the object is to "help create a unity of spirit throughout the nation, without regard to race, religion, creed, or section." So much is plain therefore—unity of spirit.

We have long been used to the peculiar shade of professional idealism which colors the thinking of many school teachers. It wishes to make its class consciousness a general civic consciousness. Its foremost proponent has been Dallas Lore Sharp, whose plea for public education as the leveler of distinctions and groups is still the quasi-classical doctrine of those who would, above all, "Americanize." How shall the "beautiful harmony" of citizens living for the same national cause ever be realized if not through the agencies which rear the future? Therefore, harmonize *them* first; standardize the work they have to do—the work of teaching, not branches merely, but life; and guarantee this standard by a central agency which can be triumphantly dictatorial. Small wonder that groups out to enforce a certain variety of "national consciousness" should form solidly behind such a program. The Curtis-Reed bill was, in fact, endorsed by the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry long before it reached Congress. It marched into Washington wearing laurel wreaths contributed by all those benignant people who have lent lustre to the fight against Catholic, Episcopalian, and Lutheran schools in Oregon; who have been anxious to rid the earth of sisterhoods and teaching orders; and who have permitted a heritage of presumably Nordic blood to overwhelm their heads.

Now everybody will cheerfully concede to all these varied people the pleasure of their own opinions. Their faith in public-school education is noble, and their enthusiasm for work they are doing is commendable. But might one not reasonably expect of an organization like the National Educational Association some dawning understanding of the interest which parents take in their most immediate enterprise? It seems almost incredible that American teachers—who should, at least relatively, be humanists—are yearning to degrade their noble task into a specialized and isolated formula. Steadily and persistently they must have observed the standardizing of their work; they must have seen that day by day their initiative is paling to the spectre-like complexion of factory toil; and they must know that the source of the orders they take is concentrated as never before into a few hands. Meanwhile, there have arisen everywhere protesting groups of citizens who demand for the parent some larger jurisdiction over the child—protesting groups which are sometimes pleasantly helpful, and sometimes stern, as may be learned even yet from the files of recent dailies. Which way does the average teacher really want to go? Does he wish to remain a public servant? Or is he anxious to develop into a sensitive microphone?

However that may be, the National Educational Association can never force through its pet law until the citizenry is asleep. "From 1787 to 1926, the people of this country have been generally of the opinion that education is a local function," said Mr. Thomas F. Cooney before the congressional committee. "The words of former President Garfield are still true—'Federalized education is contrary to the genius of our government and our people.' And there is no middle way between supervision and absolute control."

There is no middle way because it is impossible to compromise the rights of parenthood. Either the child is the creature of the state, or he is not. You are unable, on the basis of some vague theory of suspension, to divide the honors between the family and bureaucracy. As a result of the continued agitation for a federalized school system, American fathers and mothers are convinced as they never were before that it is their privilege to be immediately responsible for those who shall carry on their name into the future. No organized groups of educators, no society with patent formulae for citizenship, can prevail against the right instincts of the populace.

And yet there is a grave danger—the peril that may come subterraneously, in Washington lobbies where sharp-eyed minorities are always awaiting their clue for a "putsch." Catholics have not often attempted to guide the current of American politics. They can say for themselves that the fundamental principles of American government have been satisfactory guides for their social action. But this debate concerning education must and does find them, to a man, ready and aroused. For they, standing with numerous other important groups of their fellow-citizens, are defending a fundamental human right when they say: "The spirits of our children are treasures which we shall surrender to no bureaucracy, no clique, no monopoly of mind, while our hearts can rise to their defense."

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# THE COMMONWEAL

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## WEEK BY WEEK

THE decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission to reject the proposed merger of five railways into a new Nickel Plate system, as formed by the Von Sweringen interests, may have added another blow to those recently experienced on the stock exchange, but is unusually farsighted and valuable. It indicates that public opinion, while somewhat timid about the practical details of transportation consolidation, is strongly in favor of it providing fundamental principles of business honesty are not violated. The commission went on record as approving mergers which will aid in reducing the competition which now so seriously impairs the industrial efficiency of railroading; and it showed a remarkably thorough grasp of the technical problems involved in modern traffic. In short, its report is a testimonial to the increasing value of the Interstate Commerce Commission—a commission which, since its formation, has rendered services of the highest importance to the nation. Nor did it exceed its authority in pointing out that the indifference to minority holdings shown by those who outlined the new Nickel Plate merger could not be sponsored by the government. If this irregularity had been permitted to go unnoticed, the whole future of railroad reorganization would have been under suspicion. As things stand, the Von Sweringens are invited to form a new plan, which can profit by the stand taken in the commission's hearings. This procedure is eminently fair and above board. The public will, indeed, gather from the incident a confidence in railway management which can only react favorably towards the aims and methods of the industry.

THE Passaic strike involves matters of far-reaching industrial significance. In the first place, it is a protest against poverty and unemployment which cannot be settled locally. The issue is that of textile manufacturing in the United States generally—of the steady depression and sluggish markets which during the past year have pushed certain companies out of business, and for which the government agencies for the promotion of commerce have failed to secure relief. Neither the much heralded tariff nor the prevailing business optimism have succeeded in lifting from the mill-towns of New Jersey, New England, and elsewhere, the pall of industrial poverty. It is a queer circumstance that the amateur sociologists who invariably flock, as may be learned from Passaic, to the scene of labor wars with their oratory and their gestures, so seldom devote a thought to general economic law. Is it because they so rarely control their feelings? At all events, the effort to rouse crowds to rage might, if it were sensibly expended, draw public attention to what is really the important matter—not suffering workers on the march, but a crippled and quivering industry which needs rescue.

APART from this main issue, it is disheartening to see the sordid and sorry experience of Lawrence, Massachusetts, being repeated after thirteen years of comparative peace in the textile industry, during which time neither party to the industrial dispute seems to have learned much or forgotten much. On the face of it, the violence of the police at Passaic, on which all press correspondents agree, seems unwarranted, and the inference that pressure on their services has resulted in their losing their good judgment is inescapable. Granted the right of workers to strike, and granted the right of citizens to parade, fairly freely accorded hitherto to any body conducting itself peaceably, it is not quite clear why a combination of the two should create a special occasion calling for active police aggression, tear-bombs, and motor-cycle charges, at peril to life and limb. If it does, we should be told of it, and the duty of the worker to remain in his house when he is not profitably busy in someone else's factory, clearly laid down. At Passaic, the attitude of the authorities, like that of the haughty patricians in the first act of Julius Caesar, seems to have been to regard any public evidence of idle hands during a strike as a gesture of revolt:

"Know you not, being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?"

AT the same time, it is impossible not to regard, with something approaching indulgence, the additional trial to police temper imported into the disturbed situation by the ubiquity and persistence of camera-men, press and movie alike. It is not at all likely that

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aesthetic considerations nerved the arm that roughly distributed the component parts of an "Akely motion picture model, valued at $2,500." But those who have seen every ceremonial occasion or historic pageant within the past ten years robbed of all elements of solemnity or actuality by the presence of brisk gentlemen in rubber coats, in headlong pursuit of the picturesque, and have been compelled to sacrifice their enjoyment of the real event in order that its representation upon the screen may profit distributing houses, will not be without a sneaking feeling that poetic justice for once overtook the squalid and the vulgar. The rights of the public who enjoy their news in pictures might well be drawn a little to the hither side of enterprise that ensures the pictures shall be of the knock-down-and-drag-out stuff of "reel life."

BY carrying the business of crime to the Senate, the Chicago Better Government Association succeeded in little beyond making itself ridiculous. The lesson was probably of distinct value, if one is to judge by the previous antics and programs of the association. Pledged as it was to the one psychological principle of capital punishment as a preventive, its logical goal was little different from the erection of an ornate necklace of gallows encircling the city for the instruction and consternation of the morally weak. Something so like a reflex revolution could not, we acknowledge gratefully, stir the Senate to an eager longing for an immaculate Chicago. Instead, many of the most august senators seemed to feel merely that they were being invited to view samples of dirty linen. Quite properly it was felt that the orderly processes of municipal rule ought not to be set awry by the extraordinary mechanics of federal intervention. But the Chicago pilgrimage stresses a salutary point.

BOTH the crime and the desire to check it have uncovered forms of law-breaking which call for a united civic opposition. Therefore, the resolve of Governor Smith to seek the establishment of a New York State commission for the study of crime and its prevention has attracted wide attention and seems assured of support in the legislature. The peace of a commonwealth is closely bound up with the peace of a community; and in practice many local criminal cases are finally disposed of by the higher courts or the governor's pardon. Such a commission as the one proposed can at least try to correlate the action of these various agencies. It may succeed also in linking more effectively the police work of various cities; in subjecting to a more enlightened scrutiny the conduct of parole boards and similar agencies in controlling effectively the duties of the state police; and, finally, in persuading the law-makers themselves that much of the prevailing contempt for statutes may be due, at least relatively, to the absurd and chaotic nature of much legislation.

OUR impressions of the religious situation in Mexico must be, above all, honest. There is no excuse for public blindness to a situation which, as good citizens, we ought to know, and as tolerant men, ought to regret. It seems extremely pertinent, therefore, that Bishop Francis C. Kelley, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, whose previous discussion of the Lind era in our relations with Mexico was valuably representative of Catholic feeling, should again come forth to clear the air of erroneous news and false conclusions. In speaking to a Brooklyn audience, Bishop Kelley dealt with the fundamental issues in the explanatory letter which the Mexican minister, Tepada, had seen fit to address to the American press. Dealing with the fundamental problem of Mexican education, Bishop Kelley declared: "The Catholic Church has been forbidden by law for more than sixty years to conduct schools. Seminaries and colleges, which were for a time tolerated, have been robbed, seized, and closed. The government has done everything possible to prohibit Catholic education and now its spokesman turns about and cries: 'You did not educate the people.' Let Americans read the early history of Mexico and see what the Church did for education before the hand of the oppressor and exploiter was laid on her. I need only mention that the first university established in North America was founded in Mexico by the Church." Yes, unfortunately, we as a people read little early history, and much flagrant journalism. But it is not too much to hope that those who care to approach the problem of contemporary Mexico with open minds will do themselves the favor of listening to a spokesman so well-informed and so ready to be conciliatory as is Bishop Kelley.

ONE would like to know a little more about the status and purpose of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which purposes to kill the war spirit by "boycotting" drums, toy swords, and tin soldiers. On the face of it, it is not quite plain how a boycott against any particular article of merchandise can get to work. Those who don't like toys that recall war, one presumes, are boycotting them in the same way they boycott hats, shoes, neckties, or anything else that does not appeal to their taste—and that is by refraining from buying them. If the threat implies a boycott of honest merchants who stock the outlawed goods to meet a demand that is still pretty general, the "freedom" that the ladies of the league append to their title becomes one more of the sarcasms that make the gods weep or smile, as the whim moves them, when contemplating the post-war scene. In any case, the task to which they are addressing themselves is one which human nature can safely be left to deal with. Red-blooded little boys (and more than one red-blooded little girl) have played at soldiers before a tin soldier was ever molded, and

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will continue to play at war with wooden swords and paper helmets, if necessary, when the last has been melted down to make a jolly pacific little cash-register. When all the leagues and societies have had their way, one rather wonders what will be left to high-spirited children during the hours when school doesn't keep and the movie and radio haven't begun. A good hearty game at "boycott" might not be a bad idea. The party boycotted will not need the adventitious aid of drums and swords to turn it into a worth-while affair.

THERE is always an apparent plausibility in invitations for a "common platform" upon social and moral problems, from whatever religious quarter they proceed. Bishop Manning's invitation to the "Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish churches" to go on joint record against the growing evil of divorce, made in his Ash Wednesday sermon, is thoroughly in line with the tendency of the day to see added force in any ethical recommendation when it is made by men who have sunk their disagreements in order to present it. It is satisfactory to see the Catholic view so well voiced by Monsignor Belford, of Brooklyn, who, in response to a press questionnaire, put his finger upon the difficulty by asking where the exact authority of the Protestant and Jewish bodies to speak definitely upon the subject could be found. The hopeless division upon essentials that a common conference could be trusted to produce is evident from the statement, by Rabbi de SolaPool, that action would have to be aimed at procuring "uniformity in the marriage and divorce laws" of the various states, and that the question is one which "involves citizenship rather than religion." That Catholics would welcome any tightening of the divorce law is, of course, true. But such a feeling would only be a faint reflection of their unalterable conviction that its place upon the statute book in any shape or form whatsoever is opposed to moral law. By their surrender to the authority of the state in the matter of marriage, religious bodies outside the Church have merely weakened their power to control what even they regard as its abuse. They evidence this weakness each time their good intentions are subjected to the acid test of attempted coöperation with the one body which regards compromise in this vital matter as impossible and unthinkable.

THE almost simultaneous passing of two great modern English scholars encourages reflection upon the work accomplished by those who are ranked as "late Victorians." Charles M. Doughty was one of the masters who—like the almost equally individual Sir Richard Burton—assumed the task of answering the modern British imperial summons to scholarship. He went into the desert, into the Orient, into mystery; and he emerged again with a book as rich and fragrant as a cargo of Arabian spices and Persian wines, singular in its impressionistic vision of a world which many people had mistaken for a province. Sometime these wonder-loving voyages into eastern days and nights will have a section of literature all their own; and then we shall see better than we do now the value of modern pilgrimages away from the cramped sufficiency of an island mind. But for Sir Sidney Lee, biographer of Shakespeare and of kings, on the other hand, fidelity to traditional minute details was a habit probably dictated by genuine patriotic and domestic affection. Not all of us could agree to accept Sir Sidney's version of Shakespeare: it sometimes seemed too obsequious, speculative and decorous. But the tireless fidelity of his dogged scholarship has been matched by no other enquirer into the theme; and it will probably remain true that every discussion of Stratford and its bard will at least begin with a bow to Sir Sidney's record. He studied Shakespeare as a devoted gardener studies his plot of ground. One may say, mingling the remembrance of the two men just dead, that they illustrate the problem which was preeminently that of the late Victorian mind—the baffling problem of welding the new and yet uncharted world with the quiet sanctities of home. It is still our problem—nor have we mastered it. And so we can profitably take the time to adjudge the interesting progress toward solution made by two sturdy, if basically different, pioneers.

THERE is nothing so dead as a dead civilization. Observe, for instance, the utter nonchalance with which the purveyors to modern archaeology rifle the tombs of Egyptian kings and transport the august remains to new mausoleums for the surfeit of the curious. Nobody—unless one except a few eccentrics like Wilfrid Scawen Blunt—seems to have reflected that such grave-robbing might be considered objectionable by the survivors of Egypt's glory. It gives us a peculiar start to realize that during some century to come, wealthy collectors from somewhere in the antipodes may carry off the bones of Lincoln or the tombstone of Alexander Hamilton, for the instruction of brown-skinned little boys and girls. Should not our possibly helpless descendants resent, as do many of the subject Orientals, the sinister and dictatorial robbery of shrines? There is an amazing disregard for alien culture in the whole venture to exploit the past—a disregard which, when one contemplates it realistically, is not merely an offense against charity but also a challenge to anything which can be termed good will among associated peoples.

OCCASIONALLY, of course, the East takes its revenge. There are brutal and devastating rebellions against the conquerors' gunpowder; there are subtle, trifling, but telling manoeuvers of mind. Some of these last are ironical enough to be memorable. An attractive, if not a majestic, illustration may be seen in the experience which Victor Murdock, returning

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from Constantinople, narrated for the delight of his fellow-citizens. He had turned aside from the main route of his voyage for the purpose of buying a pair of candlesticks which his friend, William Allen White, had coveted to the extent of haggling over them for two hours. The difference in the final figure was twenty cents. The venerable dealer had preserved the trophies well enough, divining in his heart that the gentleman from Kansas would be haunted by them in his dreams. But the price remained the same—with the difference of interest computed from the day when Mr. White had made his call! Napoleon remarked that he made circumstances. The old Stamboul dealer might at least lay claim to being a manufacturer of conditions.

ANATOLE FRANCE is reported to have once said that, were he condemned to solitary confinement for life, and allowed to take but one printed work into his prison, he would select the Bollandist Acta Sanctorum. The spirit in which the creator of M. Bergeret would have addressed himself to his task, to say nothing of the marginal notes that would have resulted, is something rather less than dubious. Nevertheless, his paradoxical statement is evidence, all the stronger for the quarter from which it comes, of the perennial human interest contained in the biographies of God's elect. Hence the appearance of a sixty-fifth volume of the great work is a literary and historical event of prime importance. The story of the Bollandists is in itself a romance of the most authentic quality. As is the case with most of the big things in life, the initial design came from one man's brain, though the name of Father Rosweid, a Jesuit priest of the Belgian province, has been lost, while it was his successor, Father Bolland, who saw the first two volumes through the press in 1643 and who seems to have been the first to realize truly the immense scale of the work that had been undertaken, whose memory is associated imperishably with the collection.

IT is interesting to recall as showing the way in which human foresight is often superseded by events, that the original schedule called for completion in eighteen volumes, and that it is 122 years ago since the fifty-third volume saw the light. The persistence of the group of Jesuit scholars, who went on from generation to generation, handing over the fruit of toil and scholarship as the pen dropped from one laborious hand after another, is a positive miracle of persistence. Untoward events interrupted but never stopped the undertaking. The suppression of the order in 1773 was one great blow. A still heavier one came with the French Revolution and the invasion of Belgium, when the collected material of many years was swept away. To the credit of Napoleon it must be recorded that he realized the value of the work and sought to have it continued under imperial auspices. But it was not till 1846 that the first volume of the new series was printed, after a hiatus of forty-two years. Some idea of the magnitude of the task upon which the house at Brussels is engaged may be gathered from the fact that the present volume covers only the dates, November 9 and 10. When one considers the additional fact that a continuous series of supplements are necessitated by the new canonizations, and that unsuspected sources of information are coming to light daily, it does not seem an unlikely prospect that centuries hence, Bollandists unborn will be writing the record of God's saints for the edification of a world that is not infrequently led to piety by the circuitous way of its intellectual curiosity.

ONE of the advantages of a resident clergy that is conceded by persons not at all interested in missionary effort, is that it covers the country with men who are scholars as well as pastors, and inclined by temperament to take a keen interest in local tradition and legend. How immensely indebted history is to the research work of these annalists "on the spot," is fully realized in Europe—indeed, much of the salvaging of tradition that has taken place in the past hundred years is recognized as standing to their credit. That American history, no less, can be their debtor, is shown by the recent work of Father Will Whalen, the priest serving the Catholic mission at Ortanna, Pennsylvania, whose interest in Mary Jemison, "the white woman of the Genesee," has attracted fresh attention to one of the most dramatic figures of frontier history, whose life-story, told in extreme old age to Dr. James E. Seaver, was favorite reading with the generation just before the Civil War.

MARY JEMISON, concerning whom Father Whalen admits he knew nothing before coming to the mission, was captured as a child by the Indians during one of the sporadic raids that marked the final phase of the war between England and France for the possession of America. Adopted into the Seneca tribe, she shared their wandering and uprooted life, became the wife of two noted warriors, and died at the advanced age of ninety after resisting every invitation to return to her kinsfolk. It is an interesting comment on the strange Indian character that Mary admitted kind and tender treatment from her warrior husbands—though both were braves noted for ferocity in war. Father Whalen's interest in this strange footnote to frontier history has not only taken the practical form of a statue to her memory, erected on the spot where she was captured, about a mile from his church, and with money raised by him through lectures upon her story, but also the writing of an historical novel, The Golden Squaw, which has recently been published.

THE spectacle of a good man getting all the fun out of life that a bad one, notoriously, manages to ex-

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tract, is always pleasing. It is a pity that some of our historians of the new school whose interest in Casanova, Cagliostro, Don Juan Tenorio, and rascaldom generally is keeping the publishing press busy, do not turn their attention to John Howard, whose bicentenary (through sheer failure to identify the exact day of his birth) was celebrated in England three weeks ago. Everything in the life of "mad Jack Howard" is portentous. A quiet country squire till the age of forty-six, a chance experience as sheriff of how hardly law pressed upon the poor and unfriended sent him wandering over Europe, pestering gaolers and quarantine wardens for admission into their gloomy hells-on-earth—quite ready, when persuasion failed, to take any method of arousing suspicion, short of law-breaking, to secure inside knowledge on the best and most practical basis, and rounding his mission with an untimely death in fever-stricken Kherson. The history of organized charity is a noble one, and under the anonymity of its corporateness, many an obscure Howard has worked and died a martyr to his (or her) enthusiasm for mercy and righteousness. Nevertheless, the contemplation of such lonely and dedicated figures as Howard, "self-centered, self-secure," whose field was the world and who were their own field-secretaries, remains an inspiration in these days of reports, committees, and resolutions, when the amount of honey produced is too often in disappointing proportion to the size of the swarm.

THREE or four centuries later than the western world, the Moslems of Bagdad are tasting of the benefits of social progress, under the British aegis, and it is by no means all jam. A rather pathetic communication to the Manchester Guardian notes some of the changes that have overtaken life in the city of the Thousand and One Nights, where a better time for fewer people is in full course of replacing the "mediaeval form of socialistic society [the writer must mean communistic] which still existed in Bagdad before the war." That troublesome and occasional unsanitary person, the poor brother in the faith, is being taught that a respectful distance between classes is of the essence of progress. The "modern, sprucely-dressed cabinet minister" hates to be annoyed by him, and is not only keeping secretaries whose business is to ask him his business, but refusing to see him at all. The old-time greetings once exchanged between high and low are becoming an unseemly anachronism, thrown as they now are at the windows of an automobile speeding through the bazaar at thirty miles an hour. In a word, the old-fashioned idea that all Moslems, rich or poor, are brothers, "simply doesn't work." One wonders what Haroun-al-Raschid would have to say about the Anglo-Mohammedan snob. From what one knows of the monarch of the poor it is likely that he would have expressed his opinion in something more cutting than a cutting remark.

## GESTURES OF PATRIOTISM

CHICAGO, disturbed emotionally by the decision of its superintendent of schools to ban from classrooms the martial picture known as The Spirit of '76, may well believe that the prevailing ideas of patriotism are somewhat complex. Shall education refrain from suggesting to boys that dying for one's country—or at least carrying a musket for one's country—is a glorious thing? The Superintendent felt, apparently, that it is far more necessary to create the impression that living and voting prosaically but well is a supreme duty. Perhaps he was slightly too exuberant a crusader for his ideal. But he does agree with a widespread American sentiment that "war is hell," and that youth should march in the opposite direction.

We have no desire to sit in judgment upon this point of view. But the widespread American sentiment to which we have alluded can be gauged rather accurately if it is contrasted with the ceremony which French veterans of pronounced leanings toward Fascism staged on the fringes of Verdun. Eloquent speakers asserted that the war had been fought in vain; that the hour called for a new martial alignment to recapture the fruits of victory; and that, before the débâcle had reached its final horror, the soldier must rise and speak. French Fascism! It seems almost a contradiction in terms. It indicates that some minds, which ought to be logical and Gallic in their irony, have succumbed to the attraction of the Italian pose. We regret sincerely that any group of good men in France should prove so blind to the fundamental necessity for firm conciliation. L'Action Francaise, from which these Fascists for the most part broke away, was in the healthy position of a growing minority party. It could not well hope to win out completely, but it had evolved a constructive and critical program of extraordinary value to a country oppressed with problems and Léon Blums. By splitting the ranks of l'Action Francaise, M. Georges Valois has made an unpardonable blunder which is really an unpardonable wrong.

French Fascism is a gesture. We hope that French Catholics will continue to view it with the mingled suspicion and repugnance which is so much needed if the Church is to avoid being confused with reactionary forlorn hopes. And perhaps they may find it consoling to ponder the interesting contrast between the manifesto which was staged at Verdun and the ruling of Chicago's superintendent of schools. The real patriotism of this gentleman is granted even by those who believe that his sudden pacific gesture was distorted; and his view that America ought to prepare for the service of peace and the gradual elimination of war is shared by the vast majority of his numerous neighbors. Beyond any doubt this is also a Catholic view. Let us hope the great organization now forming under General Castlenau sponsors similar purposes.

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# THE LEAHY DANTE PRIZE

THROUGH the generosity of one of the directors of the Calvert Associates, Mr. John S. Leahy, of St. Louis, Missouri, The Commonweal is enabled to offer the sum of $1,000 as a prize to the author of the most significant essay on Dante Alighieri and his work.

This competition is open to contestants under conditions which, though enumerated in detail on page 513 of this issue, may be summarized as follows: The religion and nationality of the contestant shall not influence the jury; the essay shall be written in English, the literary merit of which shall to a large extent determine the award; the quality of philological or historical research is not desired; the essay shall not be longer than 5,000 words; a typewritten copy of the manuscript must be sent to the Prize Committee, The Commonweal, Grand Central Terminal, New York City, on or before September 1, 1926; and the winning essay will be published in The Commonweal.

What the committee, interpreting the donor's intentions, considers appropriate subjects for the essay will appear from the following considerations which are intended, not as binding and inflexible limitations, but rather as hints and suggestions.

The purpose of this competition is not to call forth learned and technical contributions from Dante scholars on minute matters of philology, chronology, or mediaeval science. The appeal is directed especially to those who, without necessarily being Dante specialists, have meditated earnestly and thought seriously about the practical and human value of Dante's poetry.

There are many persons in every country, deeply interested in problems of life and history, who in their anxious search for social, ethical and religious solutions have been brought into intimate contact with the ardent zeal and the deep insight of this passionate political and moral Florentine. Such men would be the ideal contestants for this prize. The most welcome essay would then be an enquiry into the particular quality of Dante's appeal, different, it seems, from that of other poets: into his present-day importance as a religious force, so clearly shown by the solemnity of the Church commemoration of the sixth centenary of his death; into the abiding efficacy of his moral earnestness, of his bitter rebukes and hopeful entreaties, which, constantly reinterpreted from century to century, are still listened to attentively by those who strive to learn the meaning of life and of its institutions.

This peculiar nature of Dante's significance, so telling no doubt because of the supreme excellence of his art, but yet not at all limited to artistic and literary interests, seems to be revealed by many sometimes slight, sometimes important, manifestations. We are amused, no doubt, at seeing Dante busts so often and in such strange surroundings; but we are not amused at the sight of a poor unschooled Italian mother groping through the mysterious pages of his book in search of spiritual solace. We cannot help noticing the various interests of the many Dante societies and leagues scattered all over the surface of the globe, nor can we fail to record the instances of sceptical readers won over by this signal example of intelligent and monumentally synthetic belief.

What is the reason for this variously significant and influential, but surely undeniable moral efficacy of the poet? Is it because the modern mind, in its spells of dissatisfaction with materialism, with relativism, with worldly individualism, in its reactions against all the unavoidable shortcomings of our civilization, and against the misuse of modern advantages, looks around for an abiding standard and hopes to find it in the words of the mediaeval poet?

It seems, then, that in the case of Dante more than elsewhere, our love for his poetry resolves itself into a need of his thought; that in the divine poem we inevitably and preëminently look for the warrior, the ethical reformer, and the religious teacher who fights battles more than he writes verses and cuts with the pen as though it were a sword; that his poetical message resounds in our hearts as though it came from the pulpit or from the throne. And so many who are distressed by the economic aberrations of contemporary social living summon to their side Dante's furious denunciations of injustice; hopeful souls not infrequently turn to the powerful unity of his system, which, in its Christian universality and Roman internationalism, would free this world from evil and bring it close to God; and others are encouraged by his vision to hope for the blessed reality of the Everlasting City, where there shall really be peace in the Kingdom of Christ.

All these persons are, from our point of view, amply qualified to write an essay on Dante as the eloquent spokesman of one side of our eternal aspirations—aspirations that constantly emerge, constantly are overcome and always reappear. Such prospective contestants should not consider themselves handicapped by an insufficient mastery of the minutiae of Dante scholarship. The delver is often useful and sometimes invaluable, but he is seldom a creative essayist or a master of perspective. We shall be interested rather in their warmly human approach to the abiding human interest of Dante, and in their power to make what they say approximate, as nearly as possible, to the beautiful art of his language.

—THE COMMITTEE.

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*For the Better Understanding of Dante—*

# The Leahy Dante Prize

THE COMMONWEAL announces the offer of the Leahy Dante Prize, made possible by the generosity of Mr. John S. Leahy, of St. Louis, a director of The Calvert Associates, who has offered one thousand dollars to the writer of the best essay submitted in the competition.

***The conditions of the competition, as established by the committee, are these:***

1. The competition is open to all contestants irrespective of religion or nationality.
2. The essay shall be written in English, and its literary merit shall be considered an important element of its value.
3. The nature of the essay desired is of an interpretative rather than of a philological or research character.
4. It shall not contain more than 5,000 words.
5. A typewritten copy of it must be sent to the Dante Prize Committee, care of THE COMMONWEAL, Grand Central Terminal, New York City, on or before September 1, 1926.
6. The winning essay will be published in THE COMMONWEAL.

***The jury is composed of the following:***

DR. DINO BIGONGIARI—Professor in the Department of Romance Languages, Columbia University, Chairman.

DR. C. A. DINSMORE—Lecturer in the Yale Divinity School, member of the Dante Society of Cambridge, and author of *The Teachings of Dante.*

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY—A member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times,* and former president of the College of the City of New York.

DR. CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT—Chairman of the Romance Department of Harvard University and author of *Dante* and *The Power of Dante.*

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS—Chaplain of the Catholic Club of Yale University, and a member of the editorial council of THE COMMONWEAL.

REV. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P.—Editor of *The Rosary Magazine,* and author of *The Dominicans in History.*

DR. JOEL E. SPINGARN—Author of *Creative Criticism* and *A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance.*

REV. M. I. STRITCH, S.J.—Professor of Philosophy, St. Louis University.

DR. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR—Author of *The Mediaeval Mind* and *The Classical Heritage of the Middle-Ages.*

DR. JAMES J. WALSH—President of the Dante League of America and author of *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.*

***It is urged that lovers of Dante everywhere assist in making the competition stimulating, creative, and a real tribute to the poet.***

*All Essays Must Be Addressed to:*

DANTE COMMITTEE, THE COMMONWEAL
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK

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# THE LOST CAPITAL OF MARYLAND

## II. THE CROWN SEIZES THE COLONY

By LOUIS W. REILLY

WE have seen, in a previous article, the high-handed fashion in which the commissioners sent out by Cromwell, deposed the acting governor, Captain Stone, and with the aid of a packed legislature, in which the majority were of the Puritan-Protestant profession of faith, reversed Calvert's policy of toleration.

In January, 1655, a letter from Lord Baltimore was received by Stone upbraiding him for yielding the government of the province "without striking one stroke." Thereupon he resumed the office of governor. He sent a Mr. John Hammond to Patuxent to recover the records of the colony and to seize a magazine of arms and ammunition that belonged to the Puritans. Mr. Hammond made this report:

"I went unarmed amongst the Sons of Thunder, only three or four to row me, and despite all their braves of raising the country, calling in his servants to apprehend me, threatened me with the severity of their new-made law, myself alone seized and carried away the records in defiance."

Determined to subdue the countumacious Puritans, Governor Stone set out from St. Mary's in March, 1655, with 130 men in a dozen small boats. As he approached Annapolis, the inhabitants sent him messages proposing to submit to him on three conditions; but he, either not putting trust in their promises or not liking a qualified submission, disembarked near the town and sent forward a proclamation by Dr. Luke Barber. "In the end of this declaration," the messenger afterwards testified, "the Governor did protest, as in the presence of Almighty God, that he came, not in a hostile way to do them any hurt, but sought by all means possible, to reclaim them by faire meanes; and to my knowledge, at the sending out of parties (as occasion served) he gave strict command that if they met any of the Ann Arundel men, they should not fire the first gun, nor, upon pain of death, plunder any."

The Puritans would not yield to the proclamation. So, after one of the St. Mary's men had been killed by a cannon ball fired from the merchant ship, Golden Lyon, which the Ann Arundel men had impressed into their service, a battle took place between the two forces. The Puritans were victorious. They lost only four men, and they slew or wounded about fifty of their opponents and captured all but four or five. The victors promised the vanquished quarter, and on that understanding the latter surrendered; but two or three days later, the Puritans condemned ten to death, including Governor Stone, and executed four of them, and would have taken the lives of the others if some women and the common soldiers had not entreated that no more prisoners be killed in cold blood.

The Puritans thereafter completely had their way in the colony for more than a year. Then, in October, 1656, Lord Baltimore, having received the decision of the Committee of Trade that he was entitled to his province, sent word to his lieutenant and council to require the people of Ann Arundel County to peacefully submit to his government, adding:

> His Lordship wills and requires his said lieutenant and council that the law in the said province instituted, "an act concerning religion," and passed heretofore there with his Lordship's assent, whereby all persons who profess to believe in Jesus Christ have liberty of conscience and free exercise of their religion there, be duly observed in the said province by all the inhabitants thereof, and that the penalties mentioned in the said act be duly put in execution upon any offenders against the same.

But it was not until March, 1658, six years after Bennett and Claiborne had usurped the government, that the Palatinate was actually restored to Lord Baltimore.

The opposition to the proprietary on account of his religion and of the toleration of Catholics in his colony, which was at the bottom of the insubordination of the Puritans, was a leaven of malignity that was constantly at work throughout the province and manifested its mischievous presence at frequent intervals. Over and over again, the government of Lord Baltimore was denounced in England; and its refusal to establish Protestantism by law and its practice of granting equal protection to all Christian denominations, was always the chief fault found with it. Two of the commonwealth's commissioners, for instance, Bennett and Matthew, appealed to Cromwell not to restore the province of the proprietary in 1656, and their leading argument was directed to rouse his fanaticism by stating that religious toleration prevailed.

Again, in 1676, Charles Calvert was haled before the Lords of Trade and Plantations on the score that "the province of Maryland is in a deplorable condition for want of an established ministry. Here are ten or twelve counties, and in them at least 20,000 souls; and but three Protestant ministers of the Church of England. The priests are provided for, and the Quakers take care of those that are speakers; but no care is taken to build up churches in the Protestant religion."

Further complaints were made to King Charles II. Among them, in addition to the charge that religious

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liberty was impartially enforced, was the allegation that the civil and military offices were in the hands of Catholics. Lord Baltimore easily vindicated his government every time it was assailed. He showed that all Christian denominations were tolerated and none were supported at public expense. He brought forth the oath of office prescribed by his father for the governors of the province from 1636 until 1649, by which each of them was made to swear "that he would not, by himself or another, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion; that he would make no difference of person, in conferring offices, favors, or rewards, for or in respect of religion, but merely as they should be found faithful and well-deserving, and endued with moral virtues and abilities; that his aim should be public unity, and that if any person or officer should molest any person, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, on account of his religion, he would protect the person molested and punish the offender." He produced a copy of the law of religious liberty passed in 1649 and made permanent in the enactments of Maryland. After inveighing against the coercion of conscience, it provided that no one professing belief in Jesus Christ should be "in any wise troubled, molested or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof." And, finally, he transmitted full lists of the officers of the province from which it was clear that honors and emoluments were distributed without a religious test.

Yet the malcontents were not ashamed of having borne false witness. It grieved them that the thousand or two of Catholics among the 25,000 inhabitants of the colony were not oppressed.

When James II ascended the throne, the Protestants of Maryland naturally became apprehensive that the law-made supremacy of their religion in England would suffer some injury during his reign, and that their own freedom of conscience might be impaired. Their headquarters at Providence, or the Town at Proctor's, as Annapolis was then called, became a storm-centre of unrest. In January, 1689, they heard the news of the expected invasion of England by William of Orange, and in April of that year a revolutionary society was formed among them under the title of "an association in arms for the defense of the Protestant religion and for asserting the right of King William and Queen Mary to the province of Maryland and all the English dominions." The spread of this organization was hastened by rumors, one of which declared that, because the nine deputy governors to whom Lord Baltimore had confided the administration during his sojourn in London, had ordered the public arms to be collected, "a Popish plot" had been concocted, and the massacre of the Protestants planned, with the aid of neighboring savages.

Foremost among the leaders of that association was the notorious John Coode, a minister, who was subsequently convicted of the grossest blasphemies by the very Protestant government which he had helped to set up. Led by Coode, Henry Jowles, Kenelm Cheseldine and others, the associators took up arms against the deputy governors, drove them into the garrison at Mattapany, and forced them, on August 1, 1689, to surrender. Among the articles of the capitulation was one excluding Catholics from all offices, civil and military, within the province.

The association, after deposing the proprietary's representatives, administered the palatinate by means of a convention until April, 1692, when, at its instance, the government was assumed by the crown. The royal government, so established, lasted twenty-three years, at the conclusion of which period, the rule of the then Lord Baltimore was restored by George I.

In drawing up their petition to King William to justify their rebellion and to persuade him to take charge of the colony by means of a governor to be appointed by him directly, the associators alleged many malpractices and oppressions—that the officers of the province were under the control of the Jesuits; that the churches were all appropriated to "Popish idolatry;" that murders and outrages of every kind were committed by Catholics upon Protestants; that no allegiance was known in the province except to the proprietary; that the very acknowledgment of English sovereignty was regarded as a crime; that the proprietary continually exercised the power of declaring laws void by proclamation; that the deputy governors had delayed to acknowledge and proclaim King William; that they were plotting with the French and the Indians; and that "above all, we consider ourselves, during this general jubilee, discharged from all manner of fidelity to the chief magistrates here, because they have departed from their allegiance, upon which alone fidelity depended, by endeavoring to deprive us of our lives, properties, and liberties, which they were bound to protect."

That this whole petition was a series of falsehoods is proved by the state of the colony only four years before, which is the closest date concerning which there is unquestioned evidence extant, and by the disposition that the King made of the document itself.

In 1688, the lower House of the Assembly, which was composed almost exclusively of Protestants, presented to the upper council a list of the grievances that then troubled them, but the historian McMahon says:

> They do not ascribe a single act of deliberate oppression or wanton exercise of power immediately to the proprietary or his governors. They do not even insinuate the slightest danger to the Protestant religion or impute to the proprietary administration a single act or intention militating against the free enjoyment and exercise of it. They were presented under the expectation of redress; and, to crown the whole, the reply of the governors and council, in answer to their articles, was so entirely satis-

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> factory that the lower House, in a body, presented them their thanks for its favorable character. Here the curtain drops and when it next rises it presents to our view the proprietary dominion prostrate; the government of the colony in the hands of the crown and administered by men hitherto unknown to it; the Assembly pouring forth its congratulations for the royal protection and its redemption "from the arbitrary will and pleasure of a tyrannical Popish government"; the proprietary himself impeached to the crown by that Assembly; his officers and agents degraded and harassed in every manner; and the Catholic inhabitants the objects of jealousy and penalties.

The abuses complained of were imputed to the attorney-general, the receiver of quit-rents, and the secretary of the province, but these were ascribed to them personally and were expressly disclaimed by the deputy governors when the promise of redress was made. There is, therefore, nothing in the records of the colony to justify the statements of the association, but many facts in its history for years before the Protestant Revolution, to prove them false. When they were investigated by the Privy Council, which sought to annul Lord Baltimore's charter, they were not verified by any evidence. They were then set aside by the King, who, nevertheless, decided to seize the government of Maryland, without authority of law. Against this arbitrary course, the proprietary protested. But the monarch procured "a legal opinion" from a subservient judge to cloak his invasion of his subject's rights, and on the pretense of "it being a case of necessity," he did not wait for judicial sanction but hurried forward a representative to grasp the reins of power.

The first governor sent out from England by the crown to rule Maryland was Sir Lionel Copley. Shortly after he arrived, he dissolved the Convention on April 9, 1692, and summoned an Assembly. In his opening message to the new legislature he referred to the gracious intentions of the King in complying with their request to grant them a Protestant governor.

The first act of that Assembly was the passage of a bill officially recognizing William and Mary, and its second was to establish the Protestant religion by law and to provide for its maintenance by public taxation. And this union of church and state, so made on the ruins of equal rights, was kept up until after the Revolutionary War.

By a poetical justice, the Puritans, who were both the quickest to rebel against religious liberty in a land to which they had been welcomed from Protestant persecution, and the most bitter in agitating for intolerance, became themselves in turn victims of the establishment of Protestantism as the state religion. For as the form of Protestantism which was singled out for support was the Church of England, they had to contribute to the exaltation and maintenance of a church in Annapolis and elsewhere that was obnoxious to them, and to see many of their children eventually join the fashionable sect. Hence Puritanism practically vanished from the city it originally dominated.

# FRENCH CATHOLICISM: A NEW ERA

By JULES BOIS

*(The following article by M. Bois, distinguished French writer now in this country, gives a sane and hopeful estimate of religious conditions in France as this liberal thinker conceives them to be.—The Editors.)*

FOR a clear and correct understanding of the present condition of the religious problem in France, what is most necessary is a thorough acquaintance with our history, our character, and the methods of our political parties, which are quite different from those of other countries. In order to explain this even summarily to strangers, one needs either to have been born a Frenchman or to have spent in France a sufficient length of time to have become familiar with our intellectual circles and the people at large.

There is more of politics than of religion in the quarrels between what has been termed "anti-clericalism" and "clericalism."

In the first place, it should be kept in mind that while the overwhelming majority of the French people is Catholic by birth and early training, only a minority of the adult population is Catholic in the strict sense of the term. The term "Catholic" is losely applied to several categories of citizens. There are those who were born in families Catholic in tradition, but who have drifted away—who live the lives of freethinkers and are such both in word and deed; then there are those who resort to the Church only for their Baptism, First Communion and on occasions of marriage or death. For the rest of the time, they give little thought to their religion, and consequently cannot have a true zeal for its defense except when their personal interests are concerned.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to omit those who are called "the fanatics," eagerly pretending to be more Catholic than the Pope and their bishop. Under the pretext of Catholicism, they wage war against all that displeases them and use religion for their own party purposes. Anti-Semitism, for example, obtains many recruits from their ranks. These hangers-on are not merely useless—they are maleficent. They have served to make the amorphous and easily influenced minds of the people believe that Catholics are reactionaries, obscurantists, dissatisfied on principle with any political régime, and thus they must take their

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share in the responsibility for all the calamities which have befallen the Church in France. Often these extremists, far from being real Catholics, take pleasure in announcing that they believe neither in God nor in the Gospel, but are, socially speaking, Catholics because of the spirit of order which characterizes Catholicism; afterwards, as a strange consequence, they at once set about creating as much disorder as possible.

At a dinner given recently to M. Edouard Trogan, editor of the Correspondant, the oldest and most important French Catholic magazine, on the occasion of his nomination as "chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur." M. Alfred Poizat expressed the following accurate judgment concerning the standing of Catholics in France—not the "fanatics," but those who are least heard of and yet do most for the public interest:

> Owing to their admirable missions, Catholics play an almost preponderant rôle in colonial policies and an extremely significant one in all our external relations. They continue to make the history of France and to establish its main currents. They are found wherever work is going on in silence for the glory and the aggrandizement of the country. . . . They supply the majority of our illustrious generals. They furnish the solid background of the nation, and form its principal élite. And that is why, at decisive moments, we note that the France of M. Painlevé is the France of Colbert. . . . True Catholics stand for tradition, good sense, justice, labor—all the everyday virtues—not to speak of those supernatural virtues whose spring has never dried up, and which make the land of France a land of miracles.

On the other hand, we must recognize that today French Protestants stand in the closest relations with the Catholics. Even before the war, in certain French provinces where the communes are divided between Calvinists and Catholics, I knew of Protestant ministers living in sincere friendship with the curés, both struggling together against materialism and unbelief, and uniting to aid the unfortunate regardless of their creed. At any rate religious hatreds—I mean those of one religion for another—have long since died out in our country. It is a significant fact that, after the war, a Protestant pastor was the first, as a member of our parliament, to request the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

Evil befalls a country when it begins to attach too much importance to the noisy opinion of narrow and unbalanced sectarians, no matter what party they pretend to belong to, or on what side they happen to be.

I make no absurd claim to offer here a solution for the difficulties which arise from time to time between the temporal and the spiritual—what Waldeck Rousseau called "the eternal torment of men." This conflict has always existed more or less; at any rate, it is neither of yesterday nor of today. Never has France been so near a definite rupture with Rome as at the time of Louis XIV, who loved to term himself "le roy très Chrétien." At that time Jansenism and Gallicanism were on the point of triumphing. Not only in the history of France, but in that of all European nations, clergy and magistrates, feudal lords and bishops, Popes and kings are to be seen at grips with each other. In fact, it is only in America, with the rise of a democracy least troubled by the ancient dissensions, that the people have been granted freedom of belief and instruction, undisturbd by the state. The American Catholic has never set himself in opposition to the principles of his government and has no disposition to do so; on the contrary, he is its faithful defender; and his government, entrusted to the Protestant majority, remains faithful, on its part, to the standard of liberty, and permits Catholics to multiply their churches and their schools. But, let us for a moment suppose the impossible. Let us imagine that the Catholics of the United States should inaugurate a war upon its institutions, and demand a king or a dictator. Both parties, Republican and Democratic, would combine to put a stop to this state of things and to throttle the rebellion. Unfortunately, this is what happened in France. The group which I have called the "fanatics," wage war on the republic, and thus compromise the others—the reasonable, the moderate—those who are both good citizens and Catholics in the best sense.

Undoubtedly there has been wrong on both sides. But the bellicose spirit of certain Catholics has had the effect of strengthening the anti-clerical group within the republic. This has been, and is, so much the more regrettable because of the large portion of the French people who respect religion but nevertheless detest on principle what they call "government by curés." Religion with us has suffered from the fact that it has been possible for a misled multitude to regard Catholicism as essentially opposed to the republic. This idea is erroneous. Religion has no political dogma, and recognizes any worthy form of government accepted by the governed. Saint Paul and the other Apostles, even when persecuted, always preached obedience to the powers that be.

France, through many crises, is moving surely in the same direction that American democracy has taken. I do not think it would be opportune to ask of her now anything more than impartiality and good will toward all manifestations of worship. The government of the republic, as established by a majority of the voters, is neither Jewish nor Protestant nor Catholic; it is not even, properly speaking, freethinking. It is apart from churches, beliefs, and unbeliefs. Facts are not to be discussed; they are to be accepted and made the most of. Which does not imply that the government does not permit itself to recognize religious organizations and their ministers. On occasions and with their consent, it enters into relations with them, in order to utilize them for the general good. During and after the war, priests were employed in

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the service of France and enjoyed the confidence of the officials.

The separation of church and state, whatever may be said of it, has been the first step in the path of tolerance and sympathy. The Concordat of Napoleon was inapplicable to present conditions. It satisfied neither of the contracting parties. It became a source of contention and bitterness. At first, with Combes of painful memory, we passed through a period of "discordat." But now, we have reason to hope that, with statesmen who understand the real interests of their country and who have the conception of a European, or even a world policy, we shall reach a "durable accordat" in freedom and mutual respect.

For Catholics, the ideal and their duty are certainly in unison for the application to the whole world of the principles formulated by the recent encyclical, to the end that all ruling powers shall recognize the supremacy of Christ, the King—whether these powers be monarchies or republics. But how set about to accomplish this? How attain this end? Shall it be by indifference and isolation; or again by indiscriminately waging war on public authorities and starting a condition of general dissension which would be particularly fatal to the expansion of religion, the existence of its clergy, and the multiplication of its followers? By no means. On the contrary, if I read the meaning of the encyclical aright, Catholics must by no means neglect public affairs. They should interest themselves in them, participating if possible in the government; rendering it constantly more Christian and making it an instrument better adapted to accomplish its purpose—the welfare of all, materially, intellectually, and spiritually.

The organization of our democracies is far from being perfect, but it is a beginning which permits the general will to find expression. Would it not be to the advantage of the French Catholic to imitate the American Catholic, who is a good citizen, whether Republican or Democrat, and forms a part of the machinery of state, imbuing it with his own spirit for the progress of society as a whole? Such Catholicism has been taught by the Popes, and such illustrious prelates, dead, but still living in our memory, as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. Such Catholicism was the solemn wish expressed by Cardinal Lavigerie and Pope Leo XIII. Distinguished Catholic leaders, such as Comte de Mun and Etienne Lamy, of the French Academy, have followed this ideal. The way is open to the "ralliement"—the sincere adhesion to the republic. Catholics have only to enter en masse, and the whole aspect of affairs will be quickly changed by their intervention.

I am persuaded that the best of our statesmen would view without displeasure, and even with positive relief, the formation of a Catholic party sincerely loyal to the republic, and capable of contributing, as in other countries, an element of solid, social, and moral principles which should rise to a policy of reforms carried out with moderation and poise. This party would certainly, under many circumstances, hold the balance of power.

However that may be, we are compelled painfully to realize that, for the time being, too many well-intentioned souls in Europe still persist in believing that the Church is inseparable from royalism or from some other reactionary and out-moded form of government. A Catholic, if he be a Royalist—and this at his own cost—is as thoroughly within his right as a freethinker or a Protestant would be; but he is ill-advised to claim that his own political conviction and above all, that of his party, carries with it the Church; nay, more than this, he injures the Church in leading its enemies to accept such a statement. Let the dead bury the dead! I believe that it was an American, Mr. Morton Fullerton, who, in the Figaro, quoted these words of Leo XIII to an interviewer: "The Church clings to only one corpse—the One hanging on the Cross." Why? Because this Corpse is not a dead body; it is Life itself—not merely Life, present and future, but Life eternal.

Now, under the pretext of laying stress upon our political and religious discussions, it would not be fair to underestimate the services which France has rendered and is still rendering to religion and democracy. These discussions of ours form a part of our civilization. I trust they will never cease, because they arise from a will to reform and to progress, firmly ingrained in the race, and indeed a characteristic of all conscious states that know how to enjoy freedom or are reaching out toward it. If that freedom of discussion had existed in Germany before the war, instead of a mono-ideism, a unique obsession of conquest imposed by Kaiserism, probably that war would not have broken out. Moreover, this condition of unhampered debate is most advantageous for Catholics, who have already profited by it and will continue to do so.

America, I know, already has a clear conception of our national temperament; and consequently judgments favorable to us would not be difficult to find here. However, I prefer to cite an English opinion, also a competent one, formulated as it is by a well-informed periodical, the Inter-University Magazine, the organ of the University-Catholic Societies Federation. The article is entitled France Today, and bears the signature of the editor:

> Not that all is well in France. When did our Lord suggest that, one day, there would be no cockle in the field, no poisonous fish in the net? . . . The evidence for the fight and for a relative gradual victory is sufficient. . . . The Frenchman, if he thinks it a false opinion, hates it, attacks it, and usually extends his attacks to the holder of it. We loathe such a procedure; but at least it means that, first, the Frenchman *has* an opinion, whereas we often are too lazy to have any; and second,

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that the Frenchman has a conviction, which we are often too vague-minded to have, and too fond of our comfort.

Personally, I vision a prosperous future for Catholics in France, provided they do not follow the political fanatics, whose nationalist leaders are indeed, most of the time, Catholics rather in name than in fact, since they profess, more or less openly, atheism or agnosticism. In reality these men think and act as neo-pagans, while boasting to be proud defenders of the throne and the altar. In France the reconciliation of the republic with Catholicism is urgently demanded by the best and most enlightened on both sides of the "barricade." Such a determination has been counselled by the highest authorities in the Church and in the republic. I feel assured that its acceptance will mean the greatest good for the Church, for the republic, and for France. Present conditions are indeed most propitious; the new world is not turning toward chaos and conflagration but is slowly and surely setting its face towards organization and peace.

# MENDEL AND THE LAWS OF LIFE

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE name most frequently mentioned in the scientific journals of the first quarter of the twentieth century is that of Abbot Mendel. He made the first great step into that all important territory of the unknown in biology—heredity. Mendel's laws of heredity have proved to possess a much wider application than probably even he ever dreamed of; or that the first workers in the field at the beginning of the century, who rediscovered Mendel's achievements, had any idea of. Mendel's work was done in a little monastery garden about the size of two city backyards in such a crowded centre as New York City. The results of it remained utterly neglected until the twentieth century was opening; but since then it has been the basis of more successful investigation in biology than was done in that science through all the centuries before our time.

The life of such a man has a deep appeal for human nature, but it has been very difficult up to the present to get details of his career. His great accomplishments lay utterly unrecognized for almost a generation. Just when Mendel's work was completed to a point where it could constitute the basis for future investigators, he was elected the abbot of his monastery. He accepted his new duties as a task to be accomplished to the best of his ability, and he hoped that he might be able to secure time for further research in science. However, this hope proved a vain one. We have all known of men whose scientific investigations were of great significance being called to take up administrative positions in which their opportunities for research became limited or disappeared entirely. This was what happened to Mendel. His position as abbot, however, led to the careful preservation of many traditions regarding him, and these have now been gathered up by a teacher in Brunn, Moravia, where most of Mendel's life was passed, and at last we have a definitive story of his life.

He was born of poor parents on a farm near the little town of Heintzendorf, in northeast Moravia, just where, according to present geographical boundaries, Germany, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia meet. The country was called "the little cow country"—Kuhlaendchen in German—probably because of its suitability for dairy farming. In his ancestry, there was probably a mixture of German and Slav, so Mendel represented what his own laws of heredity first emphasized—not a halving, but a combination of the best unit qualities of these two races. From very early years he had to work with his father in the fields, and it was here that his appreciation of nature awoke. All his life, Mendel recalled the pleasure he had enjoyed in improving the quality of fruit by crossing and grafting. In spite of their poverty, his parents made sacrifices to give him an education. When two of his friends went off to the Piarist gymnasium, some twenty kilometers away, and returned to tell young Mendel of their experiences, he pleaded to be allowed to continue his studies, and his mother, to whom Mendel felt that he owed most of his best qualities, added her plea. Mendel was sent to join them.

One of his sisters offered to sacrifice whatever share might be coming to her as a dowry in order that her brother might have his education. It was under very similar circumstances that Pasteur, about the same time in France, received his education. Sisterly sacrifices afforded the opportunities for the two greatest scientists of the nineteenth century to obtain that training of mind which enabled them to achieve their great success. Even with this sacrifice, however, the family could not pay the full price for Mendel at boarding school, and he was taken as a "halb-kost," or "half-board," scholar. The family supplied the rest of the foodstuffs necessary to support him, sent in express packages by the weekly freight wagon that traveled that way. Mendel himself worked whenever opportunity afforded, and during the summer he labored hard in order to enable his parents to continue his allowance for schooling.

When Mendel was sixteen, his father could no longer help him, because of an injury he had received from a falling tree, and the future scientist had to shift for himself as best he could.

Between the hard work and the very scanty diet

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that he could afford, Mendel broke down and it seemed as though he would have to give up his studies. He was ambitious, and his mother and sisters encouraged him, so he went for higher studies to Olmütz. His father died as a result of the injury, though only after a prolonged illness; and this proved a great grief to Mendel, for he had a very tender heart and a deep affection for his family.

Under these circumstances, the Augustinian monastery in the little town of Brunn, in Moravia, came to his assistance. The superior had inquired of his teacher if there were any clever students who might be suitable for community life, and young Mendel had been recommended as a very promising scholar. Accordingly, Mendel made application to the Augustinians and was received as a novice. His biographer, who is evidently not a Catholic, is inclined to think that the only reason that Mendel entered the Augustinians was in order to secure an education. Doubtless the writer does not know that many of those who enter religious life have a natural attraction for it because of the opportunity it affords for intellectual development. This natural desire, however, is changed after a time into a supernatural motive to devote one's life to the service of the Almighty, or else the applicant usually does not finish his noviceship but is told that his place is elsewhere.

Life was much simpler for Mendel after his entrance into the Augustinian order. His memory was not well developed and he had no large background of detailed information. He tried to pass the examination as regular professor at the Brünn Technical School, but failed in it. After his ordination to the priesthood, his superior, finding that his delicacy of feeling made him unsuitable for ordinary parochial and religious duties, gave him special opportunities for the study of science. He spent two years at the University of Vienna, and his scholarship benefited greatly. Some time after this, he tried the examination for the regular teacher's certificate once more, and again failed.

All the rest of his life Mendel remained a substitute teacher, or as they call it in German, a "supplent." Though he could not pass the examinations, he became a really great teacher. Faculty and students soon realized this fact. There are still living a number of men who studied under him and they are all enthusiastic about the way he caught their attention, aroused their initiative, and inspired them with an incentive to work.

There seems to have been an extraordinarily intimate personal relationship between Mendel and his students. He used to take them round to the cloister with him and show them his garden where he was making the experiments on pea plants that were to revolutionize modern biology. He talked plant-crossing and breeding with them very familiarly, and used to illustrate his teaching by anecdotes and indulge very little in theory. He made the work objective as far as possible, and he was always ready to listen to difficulties and to explain them.

Mendel loved animals, and cruelty to them was the one thing that aroused him almost to anger. He was deeply interested in science, and his biographer relates how he bought Darwin's books as they were issued. He did not hesitate to say that he thought there was something lacking in the theory of natural selection. As he himself was the man who was to point out one of the greatest defects in the Darwinian theory by his discoveries which showed the laws and process of heredity, this remark is of very special interest. More than a generation later, Bateson, the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, did not hesitate to say that if Darwin had known of Mendel's work, it would have greatly changed the aspect of many of the scientist's problems, and would surely have modified many of the opinions Darwin himself expressed.

This is the man who worked on patiently in his little monastery garden, made more than 10,000 observations on pea plants, evolved a series of laws of heredity, read his paper before the Naturalists' Society of the little town of Brünn, and was perfectly confident that he had made a great discovery. He knew that his paper in the transactions of the Naturalists' Society found its way to every important university, and he himself was in close correspondence with Professor Naegeli, one of the most distinguished of the investigating biologists of that day. He felt sure that a time would come when his work would be recognized.

His fellow members of the society believed in him, and elected him president. His brother members of the Augustinian order came to think much of his kindness of heart and the fact that he made so many friends and no enemies. They elected him the prelatus, or abbot, of the monastery. It was a life position which took him away from his teaching and his scientific research, though for some time he continued his work on plants and his observations in meteorology.

As abbot, he was noted for his charity, his care for poor students, his readiness to sit on boards of directors of organizations that would help men to help themselves, and for his constant, gentle friendliness. After his election, he did not bid his scholars goodbye, because such partings affected him too deeply. He left word to divide his last month's salary among the three poorest of the students. As a substitute teacher, he had received about a florin a day. That would be about fifty cents in our money—but money then was worth, in buying power, about three times as much as it is today. This is the man who made the greatest scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century—discoveries which are now preoccupying the scientists of the twentieth century more than any other.

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# THE GREY HOUSE

By MARY M. COLUM

WHEN Turlough MacSwiney, old and blind, a prince of Donegal, his serving boy walking two yards behind him carrying his pipes, started from Tirconnel to attend the yearly festival of the men of art at the house of Mrs. Barrett on the cliffs of Aughriss in the most westerly point of Ireland, he did not know that she was dead, and being keened to her grave by old, white-capped women. The same old women, going home from the funeral, said that it was the house that had killed her, and that it was the house that had kept her an invalid for all the years.

It was a long, one-story, blackish-grey stone house that always looked wet in the misty West of Ireland days, and in the bright days showed little bursting bits of green here and there between the stones and creeping bits of ivy crawling up a little way from the ground. In the exact middle of the front of the house was a heavy, cathedral-looking door; and at each side of this door some huge boulders of stone were piled up, forming, as it were, half-broken-down walls. This was due, not to any desire to ornament the entrance, but because, sixty years previously, when the house was being built, the tenants whose labor had been requisitioned by the landlord, had combined and refused to do another stroke of work until certain of their grievances had been remedied. So it had happened that the house was never really finished, and the remains of stone and sand had never been carried away. No competent builder had been employed on it, for it was not intended to house the landlord, but merely his new agent, John Barrett, who was not a younger son or member of any well-known English settler family, but a member of an Irish family—once, in the days of the Seven Tribes, powerful enough, but now long since decayed. They had accepted jobs here and there as land-agents from the "new" owners of the soil, as they persisted in calling every landowner whose rights to his property had not come down to him from Irish forebears, but had been granted to him for services from the various invaders of the country. The Barretts were regarded as successful mediators between the people and the landlords in many a fierce struggle.

The house built for the first of them who became agents for the Broughs, was roughly put together like a huge cell divided by two thick stone walls on the inside, which were left to be subdivided according to the will of the inhabitants. Into this shell of a house the first John Barrett had brought a gay, young bride of a dancing, horse-riding Munster family, who had cried her eyes out with loneliness, and, after giving birth to a son, took her leave of life forever. People said, too, that the house had killed her.

Her son was John Barrett, the present agent; he, too, in his young manhood had brought into the house (by this time grown a little more habitable, and subdivided into several rooms) a young bride from the County Longford—her who was now laid in her grave with keens and prayers—and, though she had lived more than thirty years in it, the house was also blamed for her death. It was perpetually damp, but whether the damp came from the foundations of the house, or, as the people believed, from the stone which they called "weeping stone," nobody knew. To add to the coldness and dampness, only three fires were kept going in it; and one of these was in the kitchen. Another was in the west portion of the house, in the room which was known as the office, for here the tenants came to pay their rent or to make their complaints. The other fire was in the dining-room, which was the general living-room of the house. The bedrooms were dismally cold and damp all the winter, and in the mind of every child born there, remained forever the memory of long, grey days and damp sheets and damp wallpaper. Each Sunday night they hung their best clothes in the old mahogany wardrobes, and each Sunday morning before breakfast, clad in flannel dressing-gowns, they quarreled for place before the two fires of the household—to air their clothes and to warm their bodies: the boys quarreled for shaving-water, and the girls for space to heat their curling-tongs.

But when curled and shaved and dressed in their best, they sat round the dining-room table with its mixed collection of old, beautiful china, the natural gaiety and whimsicality of their hearts overcame the gloom of the house, and the room rang with laughter and witty conversation. Each child born into the family was handsome and clever; the women whimsically attractive; the men, witty and satirical. All of them except one had gone from the house long since. Of John and Catherine Barrett's five children, only three were now alive—Joe, who was at present at home, being lately returned from America where he had spent years playing minor rôles in unimportant dramatic companies; Jane, who had married a strong farmer who was president of the County Council in the neighboring county; Jack, who was a journalist and a fairly well-known dramatist in London. Two girls were dead—one had made a poor marriage, and another, the beauty of the family, had married a Scotch landowner.

Now Mrs. Barrett, who for thirty-six years had been a personality in the countryside, was dead, and there was left in the house old John Barrett, his son Joe, and his grand-daughter. A strange woman al-

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ways, Mrs. Barrett had been very different from the country-women on the one hand, and from the women of the landowner class, on the other. An old Gaelic culture had descended with her. She was Catherine O'Farrell from Longford, of a well-known family, and many old Gaelic customs were observed in her father's house, and many traditions of Gaelic greatness were handed down there. The great harper, O'Carolan, had died in the house of her forefather; and the great scholar, Eugene O'Curry, had held her on his knee. She had been taught to chant Virgil in Gaelic by a wandering teacher. And after she had come to the bleak stone house as the wife of the Brough's agent, the traveling musicians who had known her in her father's house occasionally tramped over to see her; and once every year, on the first of November, All Saints' Day, she held a festival for them, and filled her house with ballad-singers and fiddlers and pipers.

Then the three kitchen-tables were joined together, and at the head of them, in front of a large goose on a pewter dish, she would sit, around her all the men of art, as they called themselves. The agent sat at the foot of the board; and before him, on a similar dish, lay a huge ham. Down the middle of the board was a large stone jar of whiskey. After they had eaten and drunk their fill, the musicians vied with each other in playing gay and sad music. First, Turlough MacSwiney, a prince of Donegal, from his place of honor to the right of Catherine Barrett, would sound a martial tune on his pipes as he played the battle-march of the O'Donnells; and then Conor O'Mahony at the other side of the table would draw his fiddle from its baize bag and play a tune that, as he said, he had heard at the Fairy Fort of Dunshaughlinn; and Martin Fox, who was a little in disrepute because he had got his training playing for harvest-men in public-houses in Scotland, would play whimsical dancing-tunes that, according to his own story, he had heard rise up from the mound on Knocknarea. And every year All Souls' Day was ushered out of the grey house by the gallant music of pipes, and nineteen or twenty of the traditional musicians of Ireland kept Catherine Barrett awake all night, drinking her health and playing for her of their best. But now she was dead, and the Samhain Festival for the men of art would be held no more.

Her husband, John Barrett, in spite of his kindly soul and his infinite sympathy with the struggles of the tenantry, had all his days been a proud, angry man. On account of his temper he was nick-named "Gull," and sometimes, "Gulliver Travel"—an old servant-woman, having once heard the name of Swift's masterpiece, mistook it for some word in a foreign language, and, with the instinct of children and untaught folk for giving strange words an onomatopoeic meaning, she concluded that "Gulliver Travel" meant "the Angry-tempered one," and promptly applied it as a nick-name to old John Barrett. Behind his back and equally before his face, he was spoken of as "Gulliver Travel." But his bark was worse than his bite, and to all of them he was a friend in need. When the rent was behind-hand, John Barrett manipulated things so that the landlord did not press. When it was impossible for some harassed tenant to pay, the agent was known to have paid himself out of his own small store in the bank. Deep in his soul lay the conviction that these were his own people, and that he and they had a common cause against the alien landlords and the whole brood of the troopers of William and Cromwell to whom all the choice spots in the country had been parceled out. To the people in turn he was one of their own: he was of their religion; men of his race had suffered because of it, and, if a moment should ever come when John Barrett would have to make his choice between his employer and the people, they well knew on which side the agent and his family would be. The landlord and the surrounding estate-owners knew too; and the knowledge had not added to the material advantage of the Barretts. John Barrett was useful to the Broughs and they trusted him, but he was rarely a guest at their house, nor had his family the entrée to the neighboring county houses like the run of the land-agents. He dined occasionally with the Broughs when business brought him there.

His beautiful daughter, Grace, had repaid old Lady Brough for including her in the pleasant parties she had got up to amuse a house-party mainly composed of eligible young men intended for the choice of Lady Brough's own daughter, by marrying the most eligible of them all. But, nevertheless, old Lady Brough, an Irishwoman, in her day had been friendly enough with Mrs. Barrett, who, in return for invitations to luncheons used to invite her dashing old ladyship, when out hunting or riding, to partake of a mid-day dinner in the Barrett's dining-room. The occasions were all rather formally observed. Mrs. Barrett adorned the table with her best, and was very proud of the few pieces of silver which she drew forth. On the ugly old mahogany side-board there was laid a lace cloth of great beauty.

High on the wall, above the side-board, very near the ceiling, was a little cupboard with a glass door. Inside the glass could be seen an odd-looking cup. This cup was a chalice which had come down in Mrs. Barrett's family from the time when they, the O'Farrells, had their own private chapel where a hunted priest used to say Mass. The chalice was a source of great pride to all the Barretts. There were times when the men of the Broughs and their friends grew mellow over glasses of punch at Mrs. Barrett's, and reached a great point of friendliness, contrasting in their own minds the undoubted wit and charm of the Barretts with the heaviness of neighboring squires and landowners. But as they were about to decide that the Barretts were very good fellows and worth cultivating a little more, their eyes would light on that chalice,

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high up in its little cupboard, and it never failed to make them angry, or to seem a convincing proof that people who could cherish such Popish superstitions were very inferior indeed.

It was considered a great sign of liberality on the side of the Broughs to employ native Irish Papists like the Barretts as agents. Once or twice pressure had been brought to bear on the head of the house of Brough to dispense with the Barretts and to get as agent somebody's younger son or brother; but the first Brough to employ a Barrett had been a stubborn old man with a heart full of affection for his tenantry, and, besides, he had his own good reasons for employing an agent who could save him from the strife and fierce battles that were the daily experience of other estate-owners. He had passed on his ideas to his successors, and so the Barretts remained.

The original Brough—his name had been Brewer—had got his property in Cromwell's time, in whose army he had been a trooper. What Cromwell did not give him in the way of lands he acquired by guile or force from the neighboring chiefs. In a few generations the Broughs had become Irish enough to be recognized as such in foreign countries, even though they tried to keep themselves apart from Irish traditions and rarely inter-married with the native aristocracy. For well over two hundred years, they had been the lords of the soil, but in the hard Irish memories of their tenantry, and in the secret heart of old John Barrett, they were still "the troopers of Cromwell." They were popular in a way, though like all the Cromwellians and Williamites, they were never as popular as they thought they were. These later conquerors of the Irish soil had none of the charm of that graceful and dashing Norman aristocracy which had previously conquered the land and hearts of the Irish people and been conquered by them. The later lords exacted a respect and servility from the people that, at crucial moments, turned into murderous hate and revengefulness. In comparison with others, the Broughs were genuinely liked, though they never won from the people that almost superstitious honor paid to the remnants of the old Gaelic nobility. And they themselves were never wholly rid of the fear that the people were perpetually plotting to rid the country of them.

A certain loneliness and a feeling that they were aliens descended on the two Broughs who attended the funeral of Mrs. Barrett, when they saw the strange honors and burial rites given to Mrs. Barrett. And driving home, they met Turlough MacSwiney, old and blind, a prince of Donegal, with his serving-boy walking two yards behind him, saying fiercely to himself the words of the keen that had been said over the dead woman: "Tomorrow and every day the sun shall bring delight and pleasure, but your breast shall no more beat with life at the return of the morning! Generous and well-born woman, cold is your rest!"

# A NEW LANGUAGE

By R. DANA SKINNER

IF YOU want to know what all the talk about new art in the modern theatre means, don't drop in casually at the International Theatre Exposition now being held in the Steinway Building in New York. A casual glance will merely increase the mystery surrounding so much of the work which the younger theatre enthusiasts in all countries are doing. But if you have the time and the urge to make a real study of the hundreds of exhibits, then the chances are that you will come away with a much clearer insight into a form of madness which every now and then attains the height of genius.

I have always found it interesting to approach the work of the artists of the modern theatre with the feeling that they are trying, through the use of color and design, to convey to an audience emotions which words alone, and the work of actors, cannot fully express. The point is that there are mysteries in life which can never be wholly expressed in words, for the simple reason that words are always finite and mysteries approach the infinite. Just as there is a language of music before which bare words must wither, so there is a language of emotion or feeling too great for verbal utterance. The genius of a truly great artist—a Duse, for example—can often convey far more by a look or gesture than by any of the spoken lines of a play. The great object of those who have departed from photographically realistic stage setting is to create a similar language of feeling through the use of color, design, movement and light.

You can divide the work at the present exposition roughly into three sections. You will find stage settings that are merely a simplification of the old realism, often accompanied by the greatly enhanced beauty which simplicity lends. In a second section, you will find settings which have no apparent relation to realism, but which have an unmistakable inner form and harmony, so that in a rather mysterious way they convey the true feeling of a scene or situation without pinning that scene down to the particular details of any one time or place. The summit of achievement in this group is the model for the magnificent Dante project by Norman Bel Geddes for the staging of a Divine Comedy drama. In the third group you will find the same complete departure from realism without any evidence of inner harmony or design. The bizarre is deified for its own sake. Chaos is magnified. You find here a complete negation of inner or mystical form. This means the rumor of evil in art.

On the whole, the destructive forces are far less apparent in the American section of the exhibit than in the European. I found myself returning to the American room at frequent intervals for a breath of fresh air. Even where the work of the Americans showed

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complete abandonment of realism in favor of designs that merely suggested mood or fantasy, I felt and could usually, after a little study, trace out the form and coherence which gave the work beauty and an authentic quality. From the semi-realistic work of Claude Bragdon and Lee Simonson through the imaginative flights of Robert Edmond Jones to the purely delightful fantasies of Donald Oenslager, there was a definite transition of mood, a forceful authority, and a clear indication of a governing design in the artist's mind.

But again I must come back to the one work of sheer genius in the exhibit—the Dante project. Here is something conceived on a scale commensurate with the sublime power of Dante's own work. Of course you can gather very little from the model itself of the movement, the color, the sound, and the mystery for which Mr. Geddes has planned in the finished production. When this drama of eternal beauty is finally set before us, we shall see an achievement which will bear the same relation to other dramatic works of today that Dante's own poem bears to the dwarfed efforts of those who came before him, and most of those who came after him. In this project, Mr. Geddes has found a theme so much greater than himself that it summons the utmost striving of his art. He has caught to an amazing measure the mystery of the summit of the thirteenth century.

Of course the misleading feature of all expositions of this sort is the absence of movement in light, color, and sound which gives the theatre its real magic. It is quite possible that in many of the sets in the European section, the apparent lack of design and form might be compensated in the plan of the artist by the groupings of actors and the careful use of lighting effects. For example, I recall one stage set in which the prevailing impression was brilliant red on one side and deep black on the other. Naturally, this strikes one as entirely out of balance. But you can imagine that in the course of the production of the play, warm lights such as red and yellow could be made to play upon the dark side of the stage, and colder blue lights upon the red side with a harmonizing result. Or it might be that the chief groupings of actors in brilliantly colored costumes would always be arranged on the black side of the stage.

It is almost as difficult without the presence of actors and lighting to appraise work of this sort as it is to come into a cold and unlighted theatre between performances. You see certain properties and scenery on the stage, but they are as literally dead in their feeling as the body without a soul. The essence of the theatre is continuous motion. So to this extent, it is only fair to reserve judgment on the more promising part of the foreign exhibit. But there are other cases in which I am sure that even the most carefully worked out schemes of lighting and group movement would never bring that sense of inner design, patent in every project which a man like Mr. Geddes touches.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## SURSUM CORDA

Morristown, N. J.

TO the Editor:—An observation made by Father Earls, S.J., of Holy Cross College, during a retreat which he recently gave in New York City, seems most worthy of being "passed along."

Father Earls, in emphasizing the need of a frequent Sursum Corda in our present workaday, rush-away world, enumerated the multiplied means that other people have for this frequent form of prayer in other countries—prayer being the elevation of the mind and heart to God. In the Tyrol, the constant sight of Calvaries along the roads even in the mountainous districts; in Quebec, the spires rising from the country plains everywhere and pointing to heaven, as their bells "bless the hour"; in Ireland, where all phases of nature, in the night as well as in the day, were like beads on a rosary to tell a spiritual thought—the cock-crow at night seeming to say in Gaelic, "the Son of the Virgin is safe," and the sunlight upon an acre of wheat bringing an old Gael to say (as Aubrey de Vere tells): "See Almighty God making bread for His people."

Though we are without the fulness of "this energizing force of the Catholic atmosphere," yet, as Father Earls noted, there are men and women who are active economists of the limited opportunities our environment affords. He related an instance of three business men of his acquaintance who, in selecting offices in their down-town districts, chose a floor and windows that would allow them to see the spire or the cross upon a Catholic church; and thither their eyes could look during the free moments in the days of strenuous occupations, and their hearts could practise the true password—Sursum Corda.

In our villages and towns, the parish church may be observed from many points of vision; but it is consoling to know that even the windows of our skyscrapers assist our busy men and women of the metropolis to make a frequent "spiritual communion," as they discern, amid the horizons of roofs, the cross that points to heaven above and marks the site of the tabernacle below.

E. TRESKER.

## THE NEW AGE

Worcestershire, England.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Orage is described, not quite accurately, in your issue of February 10, as "the founder" of the New Age. When A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson bought the New Age from me in 1907 it had already been in existence—as an independent organ of English radical politics and a literary review—for some fifteen years. Dr. Arthur Compton Rickett was its editor from 1897 to 1898. Previous to that time, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wrote articles on the Labor movement for its columns, and I succeeded the late Labor prime minister on the staff of the paper (in 1896) on the occasion of his first visit to America. The first distinguished editor of the New Age was the late Alfred E. Fletcher, who had previously edited the London Daily Chronicle, a paper made famous by H. W. Massingham.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

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# SONNETS

## *The Charted Skies*

Before you took the heavens at a bound—
Young airman, with the star-winds in your hair—
You had precursors on the floods of air;
Those deeps no plummet made of man can sound
Yielded a roadstead all the birds had found
Out of creation's morning. Free and fair,
Their sails were spread or any mariner
With viking triumph of the sky was crowned.

Spring after spring they tack into the gale,
The fleets of robins, bluebirds, flying north—
*Who marked the course that these armadas sail,*
Who bids their comings and their goings forth?
There where your wings break on resisting tides
The frail craft of the swallow dreaming rides.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

## *The Ancient Lovers*

This was a vigorous place, with pointed trees,
With marble figures and a colonnade,
With fountains agile as a shimmery maid
Dancing in moonlight. This was where the breeze
Found lovers happy-laden with their ease
Of love. And here tomorrow was today,
Today was yesterday . . . until decay
Dragged in from shade to shade its pitted knees.

No more the fountains dance, but rigid lie
In mummy-cloth of moss and weeds. And see
*How broken is the ancient stone, how dead*
The ancient vigor! This its tomb instead
That was its pleasure-place! Yet, by this tree,
Still sit the ancient lovers—you and I.

WITTER BYNNER.

## *Like a Winter Swan*

Forgive me now this hot impetuous brain
Devising dreams forever. I would live
More reasonably, be more sensitive
To thought that is the mind's restoring rain
Groping for roots of things. Do not disdain
My dreams like passion-flowers—mere fugitive
Whirled petals round a depth of gold. Forgive,
And lay your hand upon my heart again.

It shall obey you, learning gradual
Secrets of rhythm. Delicate and cool
Shall be my thinking . . . You were barely gone
When with no cry, no whisper of wings at all,
No least reflection in the frozen pool,
Beauty went over like a winter swan.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

## *A Poet*

Beauty, veiled in dream, appeared to thee
One midnight when consenting stars were bright,
Clear symbols of the Uncreated Light;
And when in surging monotone the sea
Sang runic rhythms of high mystery,
She led thy soul through gates concealed of night
Unto that altar, where with mystic rite
Our poets—priests—are sealed to sanctity.

And now, though doubting thoughts may strive to wrong
Thy spirit's knowledge, and thy flesh be weak
As all flesh is, thy soul through all time's ruth
Doth hold its faith; thy sacramental song,
Ineffably felicitous, doth speak
Beauty's eternal word that is the truth.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

## *Savor*

It was not really that his heart forsook
Familiar pastures, that he found no food,
No water of the spirit, in the Book
To sweeten faith and strengthen fortitude.
A certain humor laid him by the heels,
A whim of doubting that requires a mild
Disloyalty to reason, yet conceals
The uncalculating wisdom of a child.

Quoting Lucretius, he became—at least
To some of us—too seriously concerned
With worldly knowledge for a parish priest—
The green lamp in his study burned and burned . . .
Dear man, devout and kindly to a fault,
He thought God's bread might have a pinch of salt!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

## *Sacrifice*

Who drink the chilly dew of sacrifice,
More bitter than quassia, more divinely sweet
Than orange flowers when earth and morning meet,
They will grow strong, they will grow pure and wise
In mind and heart and spirit, and their eyes,
Learning the radiance of the Paraclete,
Will shine with their deep loving, and repeat
Moods of the manifold light of paradise.

Yet without love the chilly draught were vain,
Vain were the raptureless, astringent vow.
Since love is honey for quassia, light on dew,
And finds no beauty in unhallowed pain,
Burn, O Most Holy, burn within me now,
Lest I forswear the ardor that I knew.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *The Masque of Venice*

PLAYS that fail can be quite as interesting as plays that succeed, if you want to take the trouble to find out why they lack the magic of popular appeal. The Masque of Venice, by George Dunning Gribble, is a good laboratory piece for this purpose, because it combines nearly all those faults, any one of which would be enough to send it back to the storehouse.

In the first place, it is a comedy of the Byronesque attitude toward life, minus the deeper springs of ecstasy which every now and then raised Byron's thought above the level of his emotional frailties. If intended as satire, which it probably was, it fails to probe deeply enough or sharply enough to reach the real trouble and so loses itself in a mist of sentimentalities about irregular love and becomes in effect a plea for free sentimental attachments without the reality of life's responsibilities. I think you can set it down as an axiom of dramatic success that a play with a false theme, untrue to our instinctive knowledge of the ways of life, never achieves a general response from the audience.

In the second place, the dialogue of the play is as cumbersome and false as its theme. Nearly every character talks in those rounded, balanced periods which the heavyweight after-dinner speaker always mistakes for sly humor. In the whole course of the play—and it seems like an interminably long course—there is never a moment when two characters talk to each other with the sincerity of real human beings. They are acting to each other as well as to the audience, and the result is highly distressing.

The third cause for gloom is the direction. Even if the theme were sound and the dialogue witty, the slow mechanical movement of the characters through the play would give something of the effect of a minuet played in funeral march tempo. I think we often fail to realize the enormous importance of the director's hand in the sense of aliveness which a play conveys to us. During rehearsal, the director has much the same job to perform as the leader of an orchestra. He can make or ruin a theatrical production by methods almost exactly analogous to the conductor's. In a play that is well directed you could, if so minded, keep time with your foot almost as accurately as when you hear music being played in the distance. When a climax is approaching, you will find your foot beating faster instinctively. The director is slowly whipping up the action. The variety, the surging force which he can put into a play, corresponds to the range of emotional excitement which we ourselves feel in the course of our own daily experiences. If the actors rattle off their lines too rapidly during a moment of emotional calm, the play strikes us as artificial. If they fail to increase the pace at a moment of emotional tension, the play seems to us to drag. The direction alone of the Masque of Venice would be enough to ensure its rapid decay.

There are plenty of other faults which might be pointed out, but these I have mentioned are enough to suggest the title of a book—Why Plays Leave Broadway. Several good actors have somehow been induced to devote their energies to this piece, including Oswald Perkins, Antoinette Perry, and the star of the evening, Arnold Daly. Mr. Perkins's portrait of a literary divine might linger in the memory as a compact and consistent piece of work. Mr. Kenneth Mackenna, who may some day be a good actor, is also in the play and does rather better than usual. But that is so slight a compliment as to be hardly worth making. His work always has a superficial cleverness but lacks strength and inner sincerity.

## *Nirvana*

ONE of the most important plays of last season was Processional, by John Howard Lawson. It had certain objectionable features, a lack of artistic restraint and a persistent crudity of expression. But to balance this, it had a great and splendid vitality, a vigorous and constructive protest, and certainly carried a forceful hint of much finer work, to come from this author. His present play, Nirvana, is a great disappointment, failing as it does to fulfill the promises of Processional. Its brief run of one week compared to the unexpectedly long run of Processional last year, only indicates again how soundly and how quickly public taste registers its impression.

There are certain points of Nirvana which are well worth discussing for the light they throw on the work of the distinctly modern playwrights. The great hope to be gathered from the confusion in which so many of these writers seem to be laboring, is the aspiration which nearly all of them show toward a faith of some kind which will lead them out of the chaos threatened by the terrific pace of modern life. From their work you can gather the sense that people are beginning to be afraid that the machine will conquer the man, that the triumphs of our material progress will crush out our spiritual hope. As Mr. Lawson says in a program note, "the American people express themselves in jazz and machinery, great buildings, tabloids, and radio. To many a casual and pessimistic observer, the sum total of this complicated equation is zero and despair. But suppose that even now a faith were stirring in the depths of the crowd-subconscious?"

The interesting point is not whether Mr. Lawson himself has discovered this faith, but the fact that he does not class himself among the pessimists and that as a representative poet of the younger school, he, like Eugene O'Neill, has begun to feel that without a faith, man and modern civilization are doomed. It is only a few years since the then younger generation of writers was laboring to knock down the straw man which to them represented the ancient faith. The tail end of rationalism was wagging violently. Now the reaction has set in. We can read signs on every hand that man has discovered the limitations of logic and physics, that he is yearning with a new vitality to reach beyond the merely physical, beyond those things which can be explained in neat syllogisms to that realm of thought and feeling which only recently was so much despised under the name of metaphysics.

Of course the danger that has always lurked in such reactions is that man, led by his own pride, is more anxious to discover a new faith than to rediscover an old one. A poet like Lawson is impelled by the very newness of present-day conditions to feel that only a new faith can meet them. In the first flush of eager search, he does not see the identity of the things he wants with those things which have always been ready to his hand. In Nirvana, for example, he does not see that the simple prayer uttered in the last act is nothing else

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than the prayer of all the Christian mystics of every century. Whatever else we may think of the strivings of these younger poets, we must not lose the significance of their desertion from the ranks of pessimism and their entry—even unconscious—into the army of those who search for truth through faith.

### *Still-born Propaganda*

EVEN the most convinced opponents of the Volstead Act are likely to come away from Still Waters, in which the veteran playwright, Augustus Thomas, presents his propaganda against Volsteadism, with a regretful feeling that the Volstead Act must have something good in it after all, since the attack upon it is so weak and dreary. This so-called comedy indeed is so far from being successful as a play, still less as propaganda, that it inspires the hope that its failure will do damage to the whole business of using the stage as a propagandist agency. In an absolute sense, it is true that most really worthwhile writers, whether for the stage or the press, are propagandists in the sense that they use their medium of expression in the service of their ideas. Sometimes these ideas are religious or philosophical; often again they are ideas connected with various types of social reform. Shaw is a leading instance of the successful propagandist, in this sense of the word. Galsworthy, Ibsen, Brieux, and others, might be mentioned among those who have, in the vernacular, "gotten away with" propaganda in more or less dramatic form. But in all these instances, the ideas dealt with by the writers are concerned with less disputatious and immediate problems than prohibition. Whenever a propagandist play succeeds, it is not because of the propaganda it contains, or rarely so; it is simply because, despite the limitations and the handicaps imposed by propaganda, the playwright has written a good play—something that entertains, that moves and holds an audience because of intrinsic dramatic interest. Channing Pollock's The Enemy, perhaps, is an instance of a play that succeeds, not because of its inherent drama, but because of the whole-hearted support given to it by those whose chief concern is the promotion of pacifism. It is entirely unlikely that Mr. Thomas's play will attract only convinced enemies of Volstead. An audience where drys are represented as well as wets will certainly not be pleased with his thesis. But even wets, provided they have not left their sense of drama outside the theatre, will scarcely find this creaking, heavy-footed attempt at comedy more enlivening than a dry dinner followed by anti-prohibition speeches.

Even the meritorious features of the play, the many amusing bits of dialogue, and several really dramatic situations, are spoiled, or injured at least, by the poor stage management. The production is attributed to the author himself, though it is difficult to understand how such a tried veteran of the playhouse as Augustus Thomas could have handled his own play so ineptly. But perhaps no author should be trusted with the actual staging of his work.

The production of plays is so vital a point that it seems strange that the present season should have witnessed so many occasions when inadequate or fumbling stage management was so obviously responsible for so many failures of plays which might have had a fair chance to succeed. Perhaps too much attention has been paid to the mere scenic aspect of the production problem, and too little to the subtle yet more vital factor of intelligent and creative direction. We need more producers who will be to the plays they present what good orchestra directors are to orchestral music: real interpreters, capable of communicating their interpretations.

# BOOKS

## A PREFACE TO LADY LOVAT'S BOOK*

ALTHOUGH someone once said that to launch a book without a preface was like going out for a walk without a hat, an anthology which presents a gleaning of the thought and experience of a long life needs no preface, especially from someone who is not the compiler. All that the writer of such a preface can do is to take off his hat, and, in admiring silence, indicate the door of the rich cavern, where there are "infinite riches in a little room," to the reader.

Most anthologies and commonplace books, even when they are slight and restricted in range, nevertheless present as a rule a complete harvest; gleanings from every field that has been traversed, samples or memories from every spot that has been visited by the maker of it in the journey of life.

This anthology differs from such in that, although its range is wide, it presents only one small facet of a captain jewel of culture, experience, and thought—one beam of a large revolving lamp from a high and lonely lighthouse.

You need only glance at the index of authors at the end to see that the reading of the compiler must have been exceptionally wide and deep. Here is an alphabetic list, in which I have selected one author, and one only from many, for each letter of the alphabet: Aeschylus, Baudelaire, Claudel, Dryden, Epictetus, Foch, Hardy, Inge, Saint John of the Cross, Kipling, Lao-tsze, Middleton Murry, Napoleon III, King Oscar of Sweden, Plotinus, Reynolds, Soloviev, the Talmud, Voltaire, Arnold White and Yeats. This list . . . testifies to the catholicity of the compiler's taste, and shows that nothing was too old nor too new, too near nor too far, for her insatiable mental curiosity.

Or turn to the index of subjects, and the variety and versatility of her mind will be still more apparent. Here is a short, alphabetic list of subjects, with, again, only one subject for each letter of the alphabet: Air, the spirit of; boredom; colonial expansion; eternity; faustus; ham, the prisoner of; incompatibilities; joy, of little things; loaves and lilies; mob-law; Napoleon; Oxford; petroleum; Quixote; riches; schoolmasters; toys; violets; wedding garments; the zenith.

What makes this collection characteristic, peculiar, and perhaps unique, is that not only is the garland carefully woven after a deliberate and exclusive choice from a large and richly stocked garden, but it is one sheaf, and one sheaf only, from the harvest of a mind now living apart from the world and looking back on the world from the calm and seclusion of the cloister.

The compiler had vast stores at her disposal, touching every side of life, European culture and experience. She chose a more limited range (not of authors but of subjects) of which the dominant theme, as she looked back on the woven records, the long, many-colored tapestry of her mental adventures, seemed to her to be most fittingly expressed in the name she has chosen for the title. She has elucidated it with a line from Dante, which indeed explains the creation of anything significant, however great or however small: "L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle."

MAURICE BARING.

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**In Praise of Love—Extracts from a Nun's Commonplace Book, compiled by Alice Lady Lovat, with a preface by Maurice Baring. London: William Heinemann.*

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*A Brazilian Mystic, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.*

THE life of Antonio Conselheiro is one of the tragedies of our own times. Unfortunately, Mr. Cunninghame Graham gives the title of Brazilian Mystic to a figure that represents rather the wildest orgiastic type of religious fanaticism, the sensational revivalist and violent victim of superstition, which, while it may be explained in his scholarly studies of the racial frenzies of the Indian and Negro half-breeds of Brazil, can hardly, for all that, be raised to the character of a mysticism properly so-called.

Antonio Conselheiro—the Counsellor—his real name was Antonio Vincente Mendes Maciel—was born in the highlands of Ceará about 1842. He was a timid youth employed in his father's storehouses where he acquired a fair education. In 1855 his father's death left him with three sisters depending upon him. From early years, his life was peaceful and devout: he attended the neighboring churches, the missions and novenas, never forgetting the Rosary before he went to sleep. In 1858 he was unfortunate enough to contract marriage with a loose, ungovernable woman, who caused him to wander from place to place and finally abandoned him, leaving him to face a violent mental crisis of shame and the wild elements inherited in his blood. Unable to overtake the successful lover of his wife, he lay in wait and assaulted a relative who had sheltered the pair, and as a result was committed to prison, from which in a short time he made his escape and disappeared into the wilderness where he remained for ten years.

When he reappeared in the state of Bahia, he was a changed being, worn with fasting, his eyes fixed and staring, his hair and beard waving about him, his sole garment a long blue shirt, and in his hands a staff like the classic pilgrim's, knotted and gnarled, but shiny with long use. "Not mad," jauntily declares Mr. Graham, "and yet not altogether sane, but probably just on the borderland in which dwell saints and visionaries, and all those folk who feel they have a mission to declare, a world to save, and a vague Deity they have to glorify. He was an old man of thirty years." In a hide bag which dangled by his side he carried only paper, ink and pens, a Mass book, and a Book of the Hours of the Blessed Virgin.

The inhabitants of Bahia were of the sort to recognize at once any strange devotee that entered their community. Followers gathered about him quite unsolicited—women in the greater part—to join him in living on alms, bearing the whips and insults of the proud, sleeping in the open hills, fasting and praying, rejoicing in their sufferings and penances. Negroes, and outcasts, criminals and degenerates, the lawless and disorderly, as wild in their sins and as wild in their repentance: for them all Conselheiro was the leader, merely following his own simple life, and probably without any fixed ideas at all on any subject or upon the activities that were about to be forced upon him. "He preaches and gives advice to the crowds that follow him, where the parish priests allow him to hold forth."

In the same year, 1876, his followers were amazed at his sudden arrest. He was brought before a judge on a trumped-up charge, but asking his followers to refrain from violence, he replied to the accusation of murdering his wife and mother, both of whom were easily shown to be alive. The authorities by their unjust and foolish conduct had transformed the poor wanderer into a martyr, and his influence was doubled. He laid no claim to supernatural powers, nor did he yet deny them; this left his followers free to spread reports according as they saw fit, "after the fashion," says Mr. Graham, "of a judicious prophet or of a man superior to men and all their frailties."

Mr. Graham's attempt to align Conselheiro with the Gnostics and ancient Carpocratians will fall unconvincingly on ears attuned to the shouts of camp-meetings and fanatical revivals of more modern days: the opposition of the Church and the friars of Brazil is to be well understood in what he tells us of Conselheiro's teaching in regard to chastity and child-birth, and the interpretation put upon his teaching by the generality of his followers: "Good works, pursued for their own sake alone, induce arrogance and a self-satisfaction that shrivels up the soul. Logic remains: but, then, again, the followers of Antonio Conselheiro who engaged in pious orgies were surely logical enough, for if the world is to end directly, it is best to get what we can out of it, whilst our life still remains!"

It was not long before the mania of prophecy came over Conselheiro, and he announced that several years of misfortune would usher in the final destruction of the world. In 1882 the Archbishop of Bahia issued a circular to his parish priests, in which he said: "It having come to my notice that one Antonio Conselheiro has begun preaching to the people, exhorting them to an excessively rigid morality, thus troubling men's consciences and weakening the authority of the priesthood, we call upon you to prohibit all your flock from listening to the preaching of this man."

Not content that his break with the ecclesiastics was becoming more and more declared, Conselheiro took his stand against the secular government in 1893, whom, after the addication of the emperor, Don Pedro, the new republic was establishing itself throughout the country. Conselheiro called the republicans "the spawn of Satan" who were trying to paganize the land. Forces were sent against him, a small band which fled after discharging a volley and left the fanatics flushed with a sense of a victory. Conselheiro recognized the necessity for flight as he knew the powers in Bahia would only send a stronger force against him. So after the fashion of Joseph Smith and the Mormons, he immediately led his followers off into the uncharted wilderness of the Sertão, and in the autumn of 1893 he began to build his city of Canudos, far from the haunts of civilized men.

Then follows a long and terrible story, very well outlined in Mr. Graham's book, of the four campaigns waged against Conselheiro and his followers by the feeble forces of the young Brazilian republic: three disastrous defeats for the republican troops, and a slow and unconvincing demoralization and destruction of Canudos, until November 5, 1897, when the regular troops entered the dead city to slay two boys and two veterans, their faces to the enemy, the sole survivors of Canudos. The desolate region, the desperate character of Conselheiro's followers, the superstitious dread aroused even in the republican army by the marvels related of Conselheiro, the ghost of the national hero, Dom Sebastian of Portugal, that hovered over the towers of Canudos, were responsible for the failures and delays in its destruction. The savagery of the country revealed itself in the long avenues of skulls leading to the hidden city, and when the body of the fanatic, preacher, and mad prophet who had died alone before his altar was finally discovered, his decapitated head was sent traveling over the land on exhibition in a tent at the country fairs. It is the terrible story of a good man, unbalanced by his wrongs and driven by events into the position of a public menace and national calamity.

THOMAS WALSH.

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*The Autobiography of Richard Baxter, being the Reliquiae Baxterianae, abridged from the folio (1696) with appendices and notes, by J. M. Lloyd-Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.*

IT IS significant of the interest that is beginning to be taken in Richard Baxter, "the Controversialist," that two volumes upon his life have appeared in twelve months. The Life, by Mr. Frederick K. Powicke, reviewed in The Commonweal for September 30, 1925, was largely an enquiry into the grounds and fortunes of the religious opinions of the argumentative divine, who bequeathed to posterity, besides the immortal Saints' Everlasting Rest, no less than 160 volumes, large and small, of controversial literature. Readers who were attracted by this picture of a lonely apostle of tolerance in an intolerant age will be glad to make his acquaintance again, this time through the medium of his own musings and confessions in The Autobiography of Richard Baxter, edited and abridged by Mr. J. M. Lloyd-Thomas.

The spiritual aridity of the era in which Baxter grew up may be gauged from his own brief account of his adolescence, at Rowton, in Shropshire, one of the English counties that border upon Wales. Among the local clergy he lists one, "the excellentest stage-player in the country, and a good gamester;" two more who obtained orders by forgery, a practice which Baxter hints was pretty general; a fourth who was "a common drunkard and who tippled himself into so great poverty that he had no other way to live," and finally "near a dozen more ministers that were near eighty years old apiece . . . most of them of scandalous lives." Written at a period some fifty years after the great religious change in England, when reforming fervor might have been expected to be at its height, the record is an interesting side-light on the motives and characters of the reformers themselves.

Much of the contention in which Richard Baxter found himself involved all his life must be laid at the door of a singularly individual and intransigeant character. The man who thinks for himself and resists classification in any of the categories that the workaday world imposes, can always be sure of being misunderstood. Even his own justification of his mission with the Parliamentarian army, whose chaplain he was for two years, does not quite clear up a suspicion that he was a Royalist, "boring from within." "My purpose," he says in his own account of his ministry, "was to have done my best to take off that regiment I was with and then to have tried upon the General's . . . and then have joined with others of the same mind (for the other regiments were much less corrupted)." In any case, he was dealing with a man who, behind the bluff and rugged mask that looks out upon us from Robert Walker's famous portrait, concealed one of the subtlest and least scrupulous minds of his generation.

"As soon as I was come to the army, Oliver Cromwell coldly bid me welcome and never spake one word more to me while I was there; nor once all that time vouchsafed me an opportunity to come to the headquarters . . . so that most of my design was thereby frustrated." Baxter's estimate of the Protector is given at some length: "He thinketh that the end being good and necessary, the necessary means cannot be bad. . . . He seemed exceeding openhearted by a familiar rustic-affected carriage . . . but he thought secrecy a virtue and dissimulation no vice, and simulation—that is, in plain English, a lie—to be a tolerable fault in case of necessity . . . he giveth his interest and cause leave to tell him how far . . . professions, promises, and vows shall be kept or broken." It is edifying to read this analysis of a great English Protestant hero and note how exactly it corresponds to the conception of "the Jesuit" prevalent at the time Baxter wrote, and not quite superseded today.

Catholics will always keep a warm spot in their hearts for Baxter, the Controversialist. His absolute honesty debarred him from the prejudices and bigotry of his generation in their regard. "My censures of the Papists," he admitted in his self-analysis, written late in life, "do much differ from what they were at first." In matters of faith he concluded that misrepresentation had made the differences "much greater than they are, and that in some of them there is next to none at all. . . . At first I thought that Mr. Perkins well proved that a Papist cannot go beyond a reprobate, but now I doubt not that God hath many sanctified ones among them, who have received the true doctrine of Christianity so practically that their contradictory errors avail not to hinder their love of God and their salvation."

This is the speech of inherent tolerance, the outward sign of that indwelling charity which, as one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, we are promised shall "soften what is rigid." "Mutatis mutandis," it is the language the broad-minded Catholic loves to use when speaking of separated brethren. That it was employed by this honest and ardent Anglican divine three centuries ago is one more proof that the elect whom God's finger has touched continue to speak to one another in an idiom that is mutually intelligible across all the barriers of time, distance, dogma, and racial misunderstanding.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

*The Genesis of the Constitution of the United States of America, by Breckinridge Long. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

CONTEMPORARY interest in the constitutional government of the United States justifies the appearance of this volume by the assistant Secretary of State during Mr. Wilson's administration, which is devoted to the various colonial charters and compacts which may have been of assistance to those who shaped the "greatest document ever conceived by the mind of man." Mr. Long believes that the earlier American experiments with corporate government were of distinct educational value; that the fathers learned quite as much from them as from the older, abstract theories about what federalism might conceivably be; and that the Constitution is a clearly discernible development out of earlier forms.

Of very great interest are those portions of the book which deal with the legal institutions of the Maryland colony. In order to set them forth adequately here, I shall depart somewhat from Mr. Long's sequence, but shall incorporate as much as possible of his own language. "Maryland," he writes, "was really more autonomous than most of the colonies. The passage of a bill by its legislature and signature by its governor were the only conditions precedent to validity; whereas other charters, such as that of Massachusetts in 1691, further required submission to the crown for its possible veto, so that the local government had not final jurisdiction. Maryland did have final authority in legislative as well as executive matters."

To a large extent, this liberalism in rule was directly due to the influence of Lord Baltimore. On this point Mr. Long is valuably explicit. "Besides sympathizing with the colonists in their representative desires, Lord Baltimore guided them in their regulation of religious liberty. In fact, the charter was granted to him, ostensibly at least, because of his desire to ad-

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vance the standards of Christianity and extend the limits of the English dominion, and he proceeded to administer his trust and to proclaim religious liberty—the first example in any government. The 'liberty' was of a limited sort, applying only to Christians. This limitation would have a greater significance today than it had in 1632 and there is some doubt that the restriction was meant exactly as expressed, but the fact remains that perfect liberty of 'Christian' worship was decreed in Maryland before it was decreed anywhere else—even before the colonists whose object in emigrating had been freedom of worship—and decreed, not by a Protestant, nor in a Protestant colony, but by a Catholic nobleman in a colony in which the predominating membership was Catholic.

The result of this attitude on the Governor's part was to bring the early colony into close similarity with present United States conditions. "With religious liberty; with general suffrage; with a representative lower branch of the legislature elected from prescribed areas; with an upper branch of the legislature elected by the landed proprietorship; with passage by both branches necessary to the validity of the bill; with tax bills, though not originating in the lower House, yet necessarily passing through it; with an executive independent of the other arms of government—with their judiciary, though not independent of proprietarial influence, yet differentiated from the executive and legislative offices—we have many elements in colonial Maryland of our constitutional system."

These conclusions are destined to be quoted widely and discussed at length. Therefore the objective, impersonal character of Mr. Long's work is eminently valuable: he presents not a plaidoyer for any single interpretation of colonial government, but a summary of legal and constitutional facts, intelligently arranged and accurately estimated. His chapter dealing with the Articles of Confederation, for instance, is notable for compactness and breadth of treatment. Though the historian might quarrel with certain conclusions here and there in the volume, it would be with full recognition of Mr. Long's reasonableness and honesty.

PAUL CROWLEY.

*Starbrace, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.*

STARBRACE, new to this country, but published in Great Britain in 1909, is the second of Sheila Kaye-Smith's ten novels. In a somewhat deprecatory foreword, the author states that it was written by "a very young girl, whose experience of life was small, though her appetite for it was immense." However, the work seems mature enough, although it has a few obvious defects.

The plot, laid in early eighteenth-century England, is reminiscent. Miles Starbrace, son of an aristocrat and a tavern chambermaid, reaches young manhood a Sussex yokel, ignorant of his ancestry—and of nearly everything else. At nineteen he is taken from squalor and starvation into the household of Sir John Starbrace, his grandfather, where he conceives an impossible love for the daughter of a neighboring squire, and where a belated attempt is made to teach him the ways of the gentry. This attempt fails, due partly to his own untameable nature, and partly to an unbearably sanctimonious tutor. One day he assaults this worthy, and believing he has killed him he flees the house and in desperation joins a band of highwaymen. He is subsequently captured, freed through his grandfather's influence, and tearfully refused by his love. Whereupon he again runs away, joins the dragoons under an assumed name, and welcomes death in battle against the Jacobite troops.

Miss Kaye-Smith's greatest charm is the simplicity of her style; no wordy eloquence or "fine writing" smothers her narrative. Furthermore, she has avoided, for the most part, the sugary romanticism with which the England of 200 years ago has been swathed by so many modern novelists. Her highwaymen, in particular, are well drawn; needlessly cruel to their victims and without honor among themselves, they are exhibited as the vicious, wholly unromantic brutes they undoubtedly were. The picture of Miles is not so convincing. An unkind fate has thrust him into a strange and sometimes terrifying life without equipment for the struggle; his heart is "very like an unfinished harp, abandoned by the maker before more than two strings had been strung, the strings to which alone dumb animals responded—fear and love." Sulky, suspicious and over-proud, he has a dog-like affection for those who are kind to him, and a mute, pathetic desire to do the right thing, without ever quite doing it. Up to this point he stirs our pity, if not our sympathy—at least we can understand him. But the author has seen fit to daub him with a streak of Victorian morality which, whatever its desirability, is certainly incongruous in a hard-riding young roustabout of Tom Jones's day. Lastly, one feels that Miss Kaye-Smith could have relied less on coincidence; her use of this device is rather too frequent. Withal, Starbrace is a colorful tale of adventure in a lusty, turbulent setting. Told with simple skill, it is worth reading.

JAMES L. DWYER.

*Tinsel, by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.*

IF IT were only for its remarkable picture of life at Palm Beach, Mr. Towne's first novel would call for special commendation. There have been many attempts to delineate the peculiar character of vulgarity, display and disorder that mark this southern playground, but none that can surpass Mr. Towne's graphic outline, corrosive irony and instinctively dramatic seizure of the salient points of the Florida question.

The story of Tinsel is concerned with the fortunes of a Northern small-town family of good class—smug, industrial aristocrats grown rich in the manufacture and sale of awnings. Della Nesbit, her matter-of-fact husband, and her son and daughter are carried out of their customary environment into the smart society of interior decorators and the side streets in the regions leading off from Fifth Avenue. The result is the tropical adventure into Palm Beach, the mecca of the cheap and vulgar ambitions of hundreds of thousands of Main Street celebrities, with the vices of the old world intensified by the excesses and juvenile barbarities of our new country.

Mr. Towne not only grasps the outer details of his characters, but sees deep into the very miserable depths of the vital principles—not to debase the word soul—of his personages. Lottie Van Anders, the social buccaneer of a good social position, plucking her fortunes from the ignorant social climbers; and Sumner, evidently a take-off on a despicable type of Palm Beach-comber and decorator, are extremely well drawn figures, although it is hard to see anything more than irony in Mr. Towne's repeated references to their wit and cleverness. The general débâcle, the loss of the Nesbit fortune, the disasters brought upon her family by Della's disordered mentality and real vulgarity of soul, all make up a novel which will bring Mr. Towne into a foremost place among the satirists of today, presented with that rich and succulent spread of material which the reign of the bounders has brought to us.

T. W.

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## BRIEFER MENTION

*Falstaff and Other Shakespearean Topics, by Albert H. Tolman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

*Mrs. Shakespeare's Second Marriage, by Dr. Appleton Morgan. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York.*

THE well-known Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Tolman, has reprinted in this volume a variety of studies which attracted attention when published in learned journals. Of particular interest is the paper entitled Studies in Julius Caesar, which makes a valuable and rather novel point to the effect that this great historical play suffers from Shakespeare's lack of concern with the Roman republic as such. Dr. Tolman also deals illuminatingly with the question of Shakespeare's repudiation of democracy. One doubts, however, that there was sufficient reason for making a book out of papers so random in character. Dr. Appleton, during many years president of the New York Shakespeare Society, is to be congratulated upon a monograph so lively and stimulating in character. What were the real circumstances of Shakespeare's marriage and domestic life? Dr. Appleton believes, thus taking issue with Lee and Adams, that there were two women in the case—Miss Hathwey and Miss Whateley. What he has to say of both is interesting, if not wholly convincing. He proceeds to surmise that the well-known Mrs. Shakespeare married again, and that upon her death the second husband, being in need of funds, proceeded to arrange for the publication of the immortal First Folio. If Dr. Appleton's theory is correct, we owe sixteen of the world's greatest dramas to the fact that Shakespeare's successor to the affection of Anne Hathwey remembered that they were an asset. Because of the topics it discusses, Dr. Appleton's book is delightful and educative.

*Nargas, Songs of a Sikh, by Bhai Vir Singh. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.*

THE critic must call for his sandals and India silk dressing gown before venturing into the butterfly nuances of this little volume of Nargas. Poor westerners that we are, our human grossnesses protrude themselves in the presence of these lotus-blossom orientals, whose dreams seem to be spun behind golden-silk curtains to the breath of aromatic woods and the sound of the one-stringed rebek. What these songs, that are said to be very important in the modern cenacles of the Punjab, may signify in the original, it is hard to say; but in the English version of Puran Singh, they are harmonious and visionary, so far away and exotic that it is only by a strain on the imagination that we can picture men and a human society so remote, so superfine, and so different from the European and American civic and intellectual order.

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

It was a disheveled figure that appeared in the doorway following Tittivillus with the old-fashioned traveling valise. The Editor threw a knowing look at Hereticus, and said:

"Why, Angelicus, we hardly expected you before luncheon."

"Luncheon, will it ever come?" blew out the Doctor, as he disentangled himself from ulster, mufflers, mittens, and monocle, and fell breathlessly into an armchair. "We were roused by those sleeping-car porters at daybreak, screaming 'New York, New York,' before we were well out of Albany. Fortunately, my hair is thin, for I could find no comb and brush."

"You look somewhat baited, Doctor," said Hereticus. "Your week-end at the Authors' House has not been comfortable, I am afraid."

"Comfortable?" asked the Doctor, snappishly. "Has anybody ever called Dante's Divine Comedy comfortable—especially the first part?"

"You were among friends and sympathizers, were you not, dear Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule, ardently. "Do tell us all about it."

"You know, my friends, that when my old colleague, Doctor Pangloss, invited me for the week-end, I had some misgivings. I had heard of the Authors' House in the mountains, given over to the cultivation of proper surroundings for literary workers, and the residence of some of the most famous of our contributors. Doctor Pangloss has always been one of the most delightfully irresponsible of my associates, and as head, or dean, of a literary home, he seemed to present a problem. I knew from reports that he was most popular with the residents in the House and the only head that they had retained for more than six months. When I had waited for nearly an hour, a Ford came up to the Cedarville station, gave a mighty groan, and refused to take us up the hill. Doctor Pangloss, evidently

(*Continued on page 532*)

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aware of the uncertain temper of his car, came down in an open cart, with an old dray horse, and in the freezing mountain air took me up to the Authors' House—a grim, rambling structure on the hillside. As we drove through the gates he pointed nonchalantly at the fenced-in patches, saying: 'That is Professor Edgerly's salad garden!' or 'this is the hot-house for the poet Smith's roses and lilies-of-the-valley!' or 'these are the dog kennels of the novelist, Doña Tobasco, and this is where Herr Schmidlapp raises his red cabbages!' The house was freezing cold, with a strong smell of oil stoves: through the doors I caught sight of two or three well-known authorities on epigraphy and paleontology frying eggs on individual Sterno ranges. A general air of bustle and industry pervaded the establishment in spite of the odor of old pipes and deceased cigars and cigarettes.

"Dr. Pangloss gave me a room on the first floor, saying: 'You will be more comfortable among the Mediaevalists one flight up, as many of them object to stair-climbing. The Soviets and Laborites are happiest on the top floor; while the Aesthetes, as we call our poets, interior decorators, and tapestry workers, prefer the basement, which has its own furnace and private woodpile at the rear.' An army-cot, some unframed pictures torn from the Sunday editions, a mirror with several bullet-shots in the glass, took my mind back to war days when I glanced about my apartment. The clinking of glasses, which I later found out to be only coffee cups, brightened me temporarily amid my gloomy forebodings. Several well-known celebrities met me in the hallways: not any of them recognized me except one who came up to me earnestly to ask me if I had brought the butterflies. I knew he was a symbolist by his blue eyes and the flutter of his long cloak.

"'It is bachelors' hall,' explained Dr. Pangloss. 'Everybody does as he pleases: there are no bed hours or meal times; no rules for dress. When the bath tub was in order, there was cold water for everybody who would risk it. We are historians, poets, journalists, popular song writers, publicity men, and hermeneutic philosophers—for we have our Buddhists as well as Anabaptists, and Mohammedans as well as Methodists. The camp meetings, however, are supposed to close at two in the morning, and there is a general hushing of the typewriters about the same time. The air of freedom and abandon about our life is the reward for our lack of luxuries and rigidities.'

"'Does nobody ever die here?' I asked the Doctor-Director.

"'Not often,' he replied. 'Of course, we have our sudden demises and our occasional suicides. The hospital is about half an hour's ride from here, and the ambulance can be depended upon.'

"By that time I was ready for my train home: the night had been horrible—authors snore so loudly. In the morning, Dr. Pangloss served me with something like Caffee-Hag, and I missed my grapefruit terribly after the bacon and eggs of the evening before. Should I ever weaken in my mind, Hereticus, and need to be sent away, remember an old man's wishes—my solemn curse be upon anybody who shall commit me to the Authors' House!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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